



**LISTEN TO THE MUSIC
OF THE TIMES**

**(W)ALDEN
79**





On the Road to Find Out

Well I left my happy home to see
what I could find out.

I left my folks and friends with the
aim to clear my mind out.

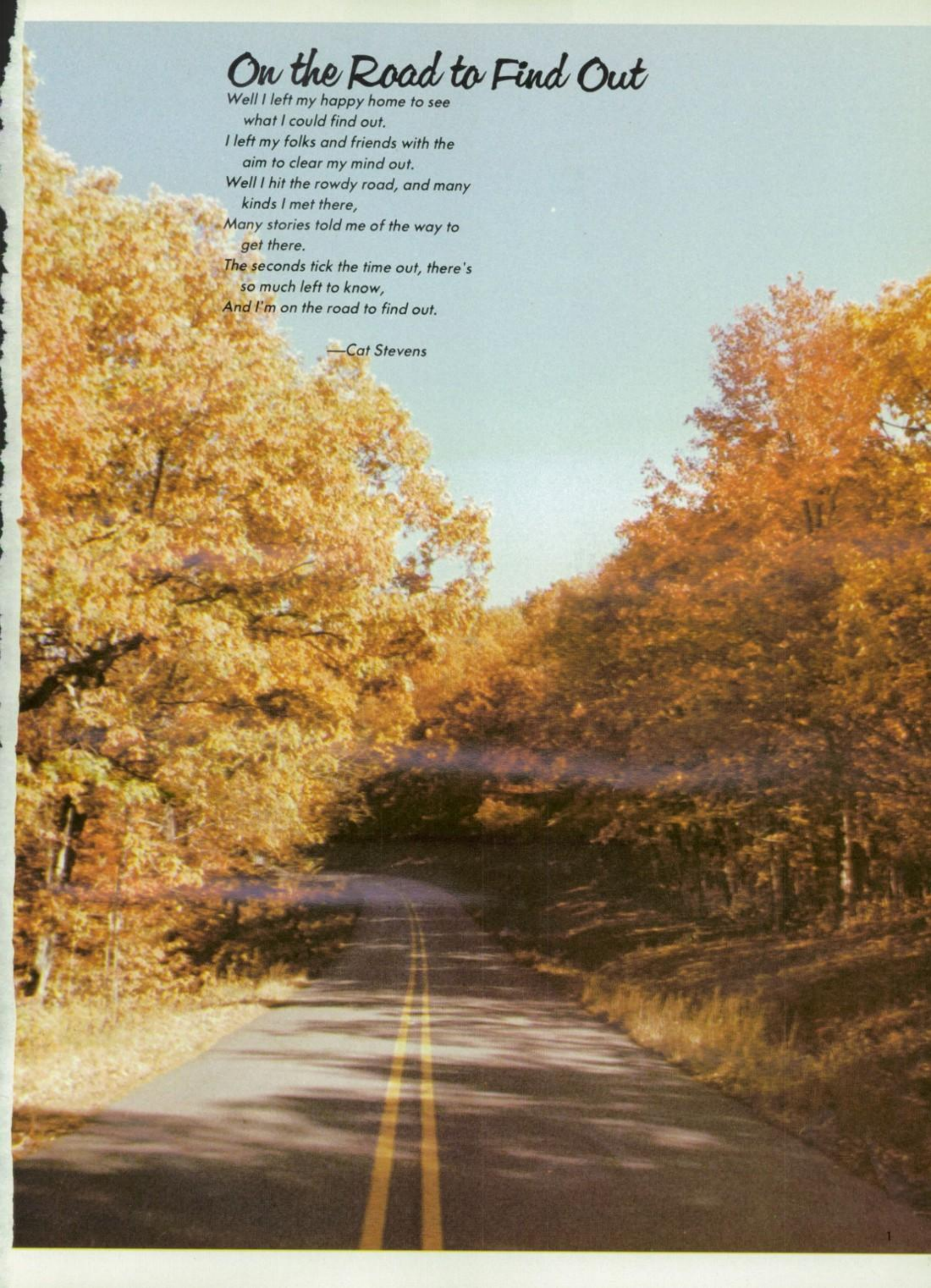
Well I hit the rowdy road, and many
kinds I met there,

Many stories told me of the way to
get there.

The seconds tick the time out, there's
so much left to know,

And I'm on the road to find out.

—Cat Stevens

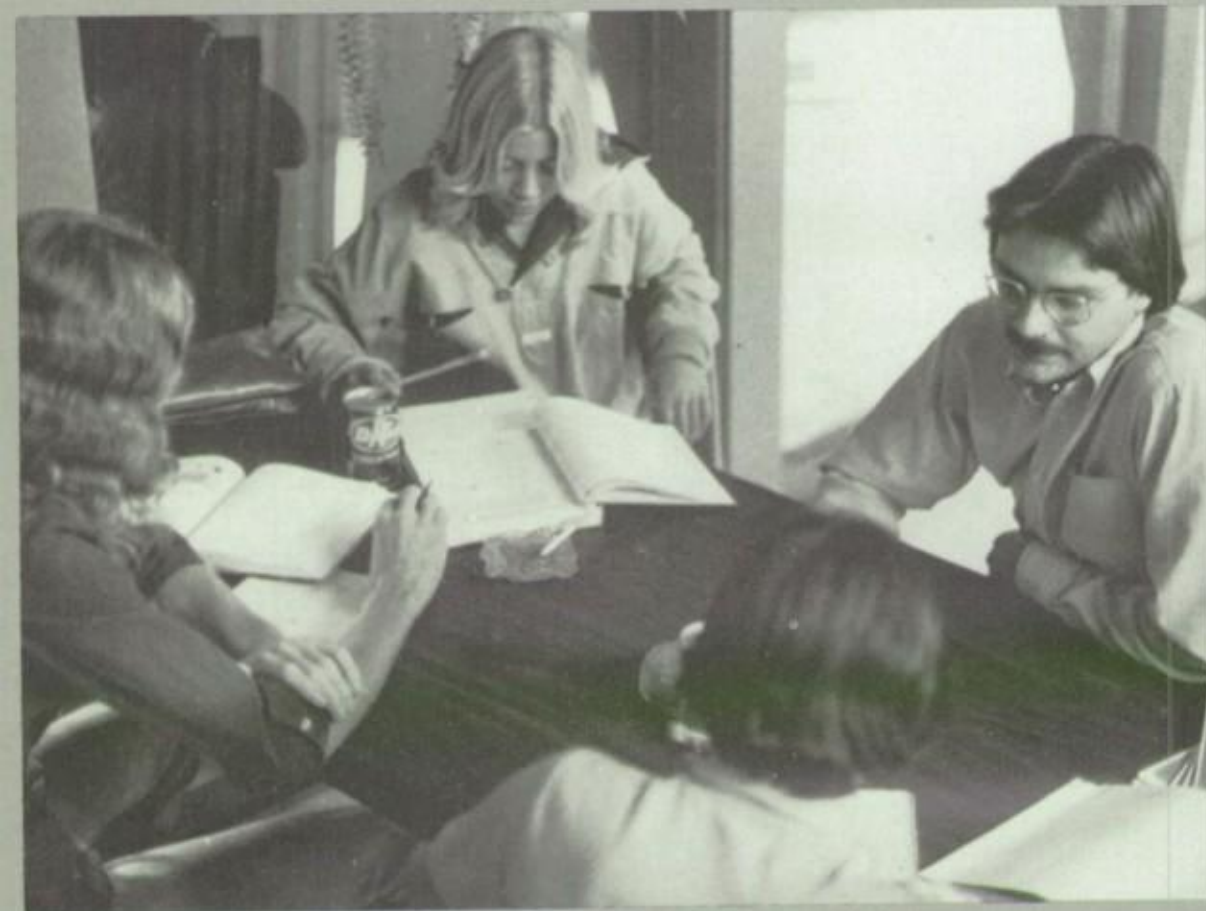




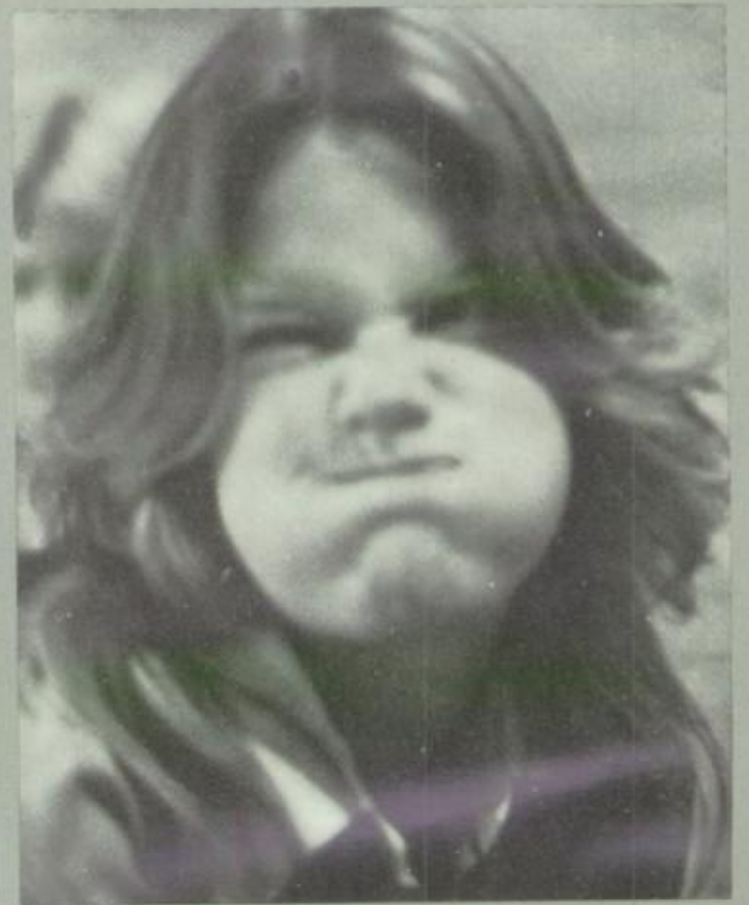
If I could only remember what 4×1 is.



Math isn't fun even when you play games!



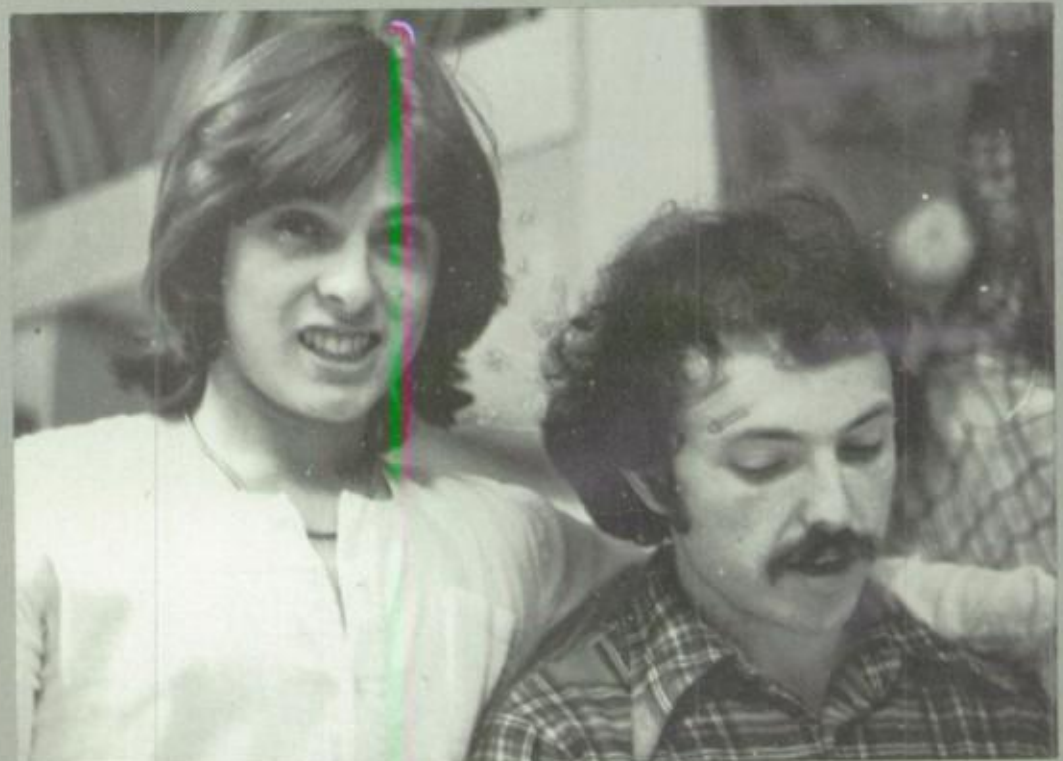
Everyone's stumped by the same problem.



My mother feeds me well.



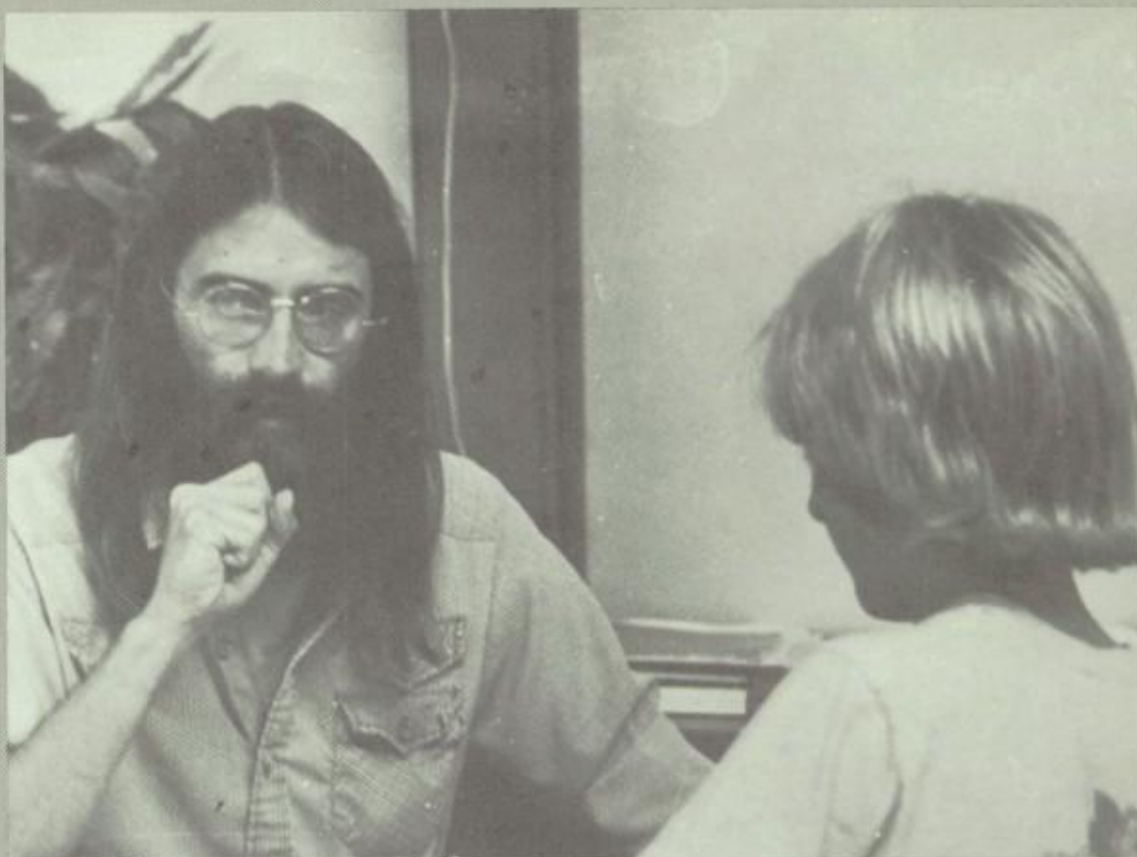
. . . but her hat's in the way.



I'm going to be like him when I grow up.



Future office manager.



If you make up this assignment, then . . .



You can't connect the dots that way!



I feel exposed without my hat.



Marie, the youngest kid of all.



Who won the staring contest?

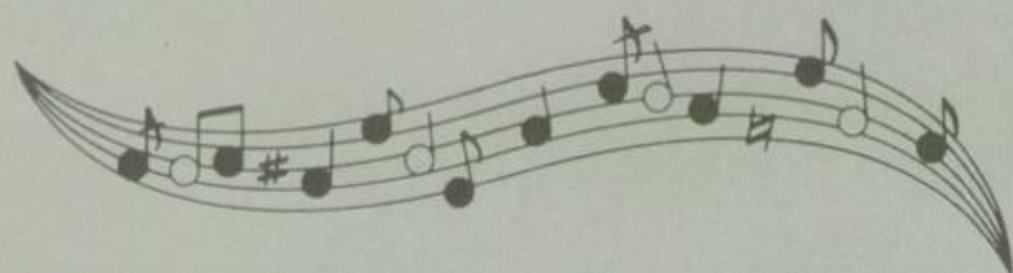




P i c n i c



No, these aren't your Oreos.



*"Sunshine on my shoulders
Makes me happy."
—John Denver*



Music soothes the stomach.



I'm invisible.



I refuse to have a good time.



Who you callin' a wimpy thang?



Leave me alone, I'm having a crisis!



Looking onward into battle.



There's a bomb in there.



Attendance. Marie, 1 out of 20 isn't bad.



Week-ends are made for Michelob



Marie, get this thing out of my class.



What really "goes on behind closed doors?"



Don't say a thing! Just put the answers in the bag.



"Thick as a brick."



Burned out on Math.



I can't believe she flicked her Bic.



Larry baffled by the dot-to-dot.



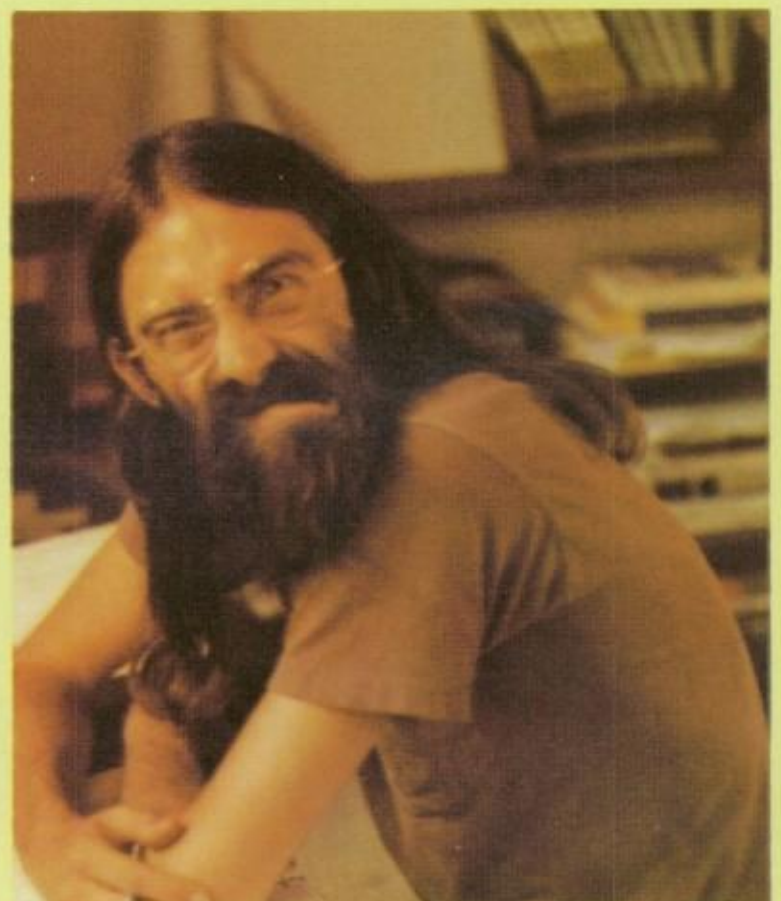
"Sounds of Silence"



Survival camp-out: "Desperadoes."



Five Easy Pieces



Emotionally constipated



Stephen really gets into organic gardening.



Shhh! Fred's cōncentrāting. Amazing!



Jon creates new math symbols.



Daniela on the Nile



When I open my eyes, Flanagan will have disappeared.



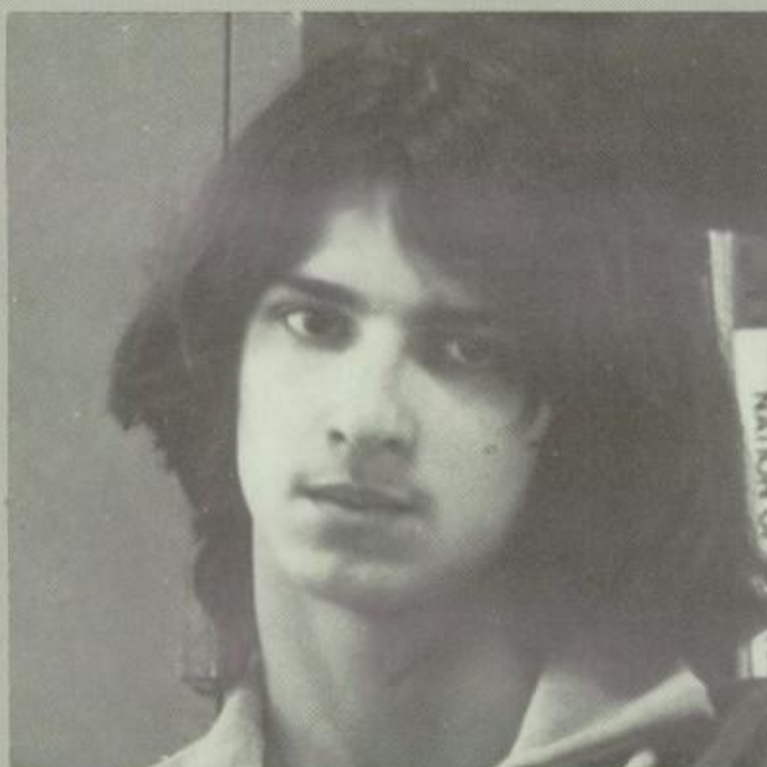
I'm whistling, but where's Dixie?



I'm already finished.



Oh, no! Have I been caught again?



Honza, though quiet, is Walden's resident linguist.



"One love, in my young life . . ."



It's 10:05 and Chris should be . . .



Write creatively about WHAT?



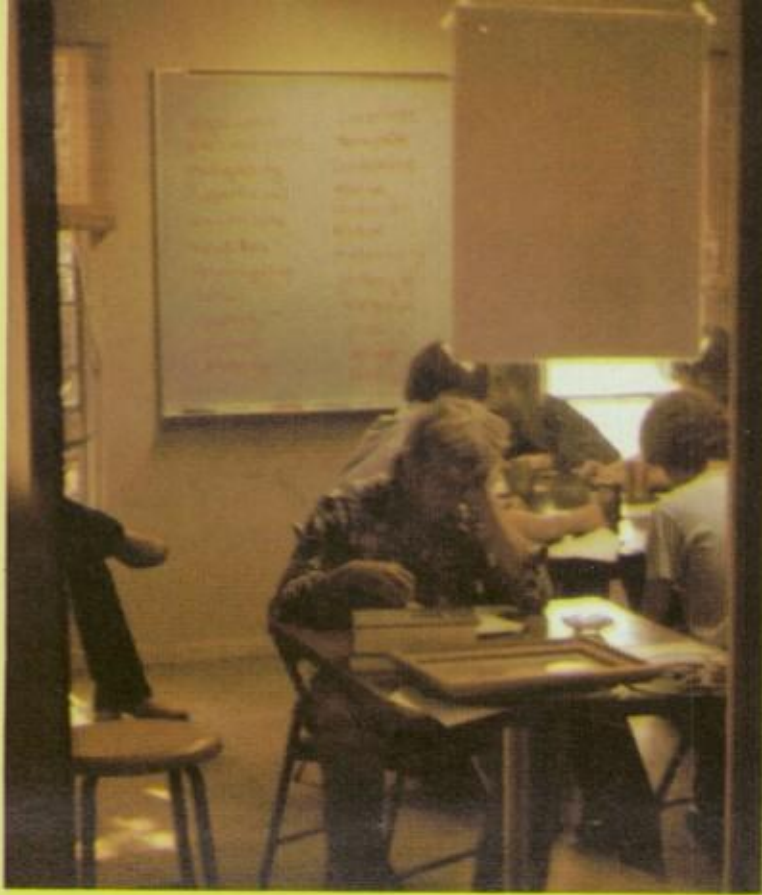
Turner Falls — "More than a trip!"



Primates



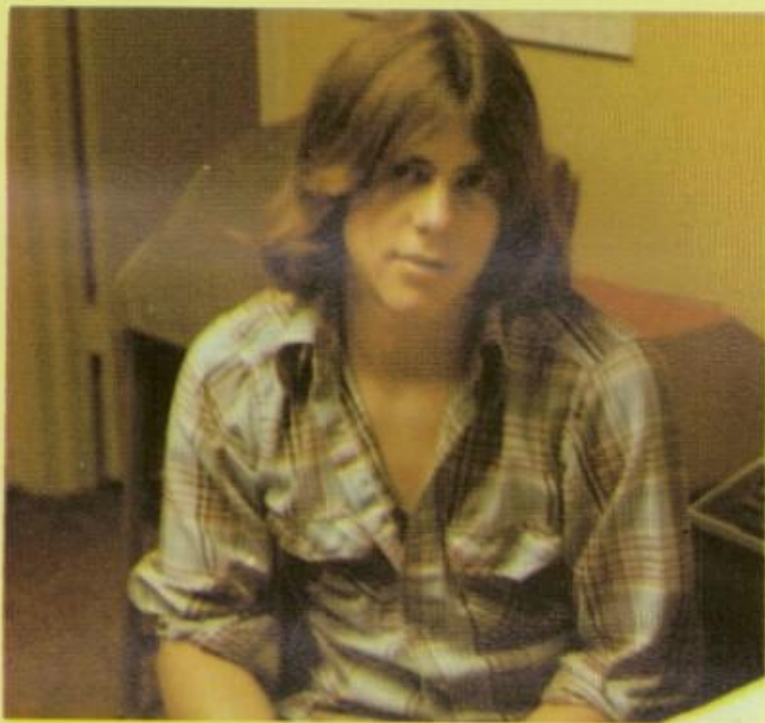
Going for Jaws III in Biology.



Through the looking glass.



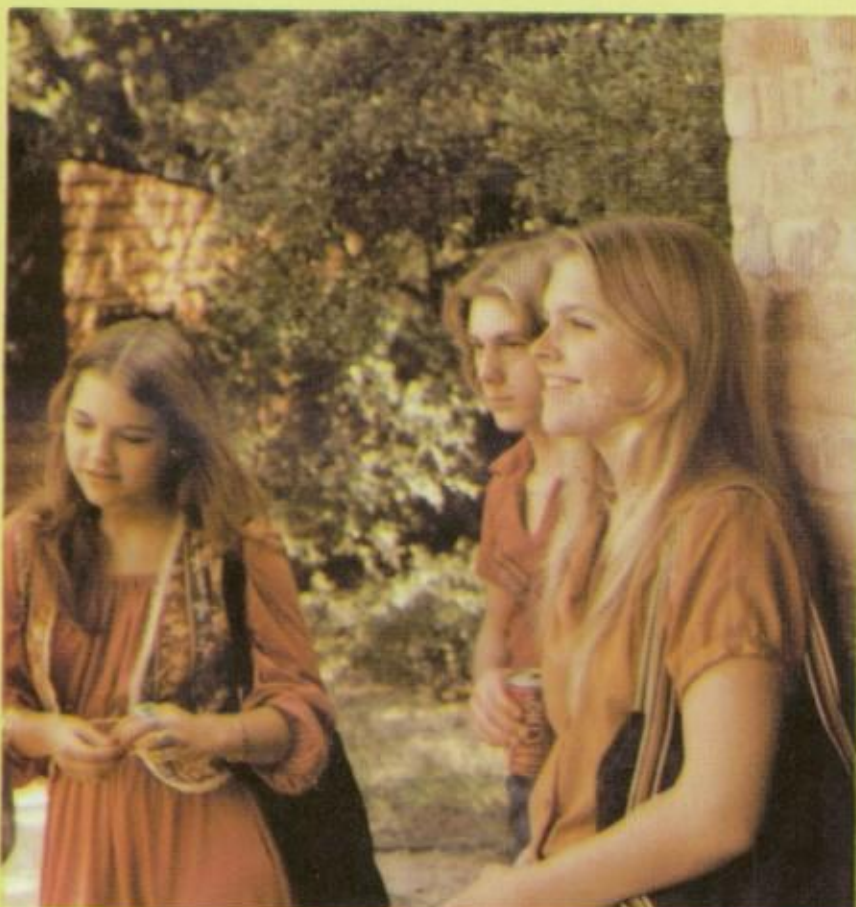
Pie are square.



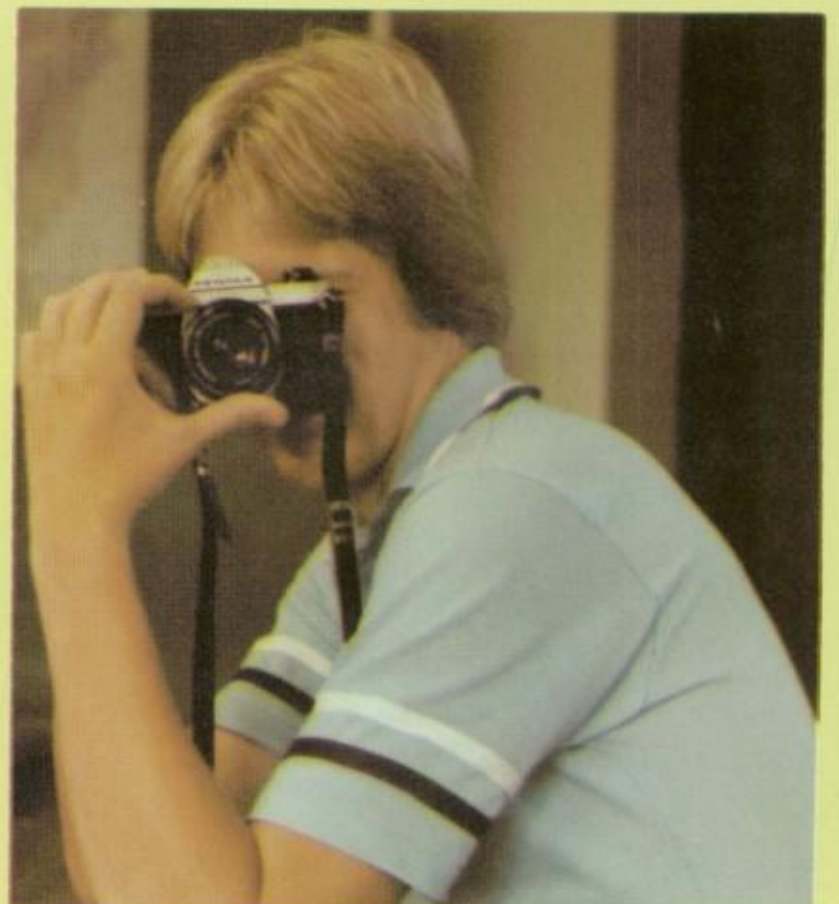
"You sexy thing"



"Old days, good times, we remember."



Gladwill's Girls



Someone get this off my face!



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



*I visited Walden one Halloween
And saw stranger sights than I ever have seen,
A mass of weird creatures stalking the halls,
I saw everything from witches to dolls.*

*And as I crept down the long, damp hall
I was seized by a vampire, ghastly and tall.
Her cackling laughter shuddered deep in my bones.
And as darkness closed in, I prayed to go home.*

*Sam was a gangster in the 1920's,
If money was the question, he always had plenty.
Robbing banks was his specialty,
He pulled so many it was as if he had a key.*

*A red-caped sorcerer studied his books.
Had he marked Flanagan with those strange looks?
A ghastly white figure circled the room,
Its white face casting about looks of doom.*

*Linda was dressed for intensive combat.
There was a brew boiling in a large vat.
I tasted the brew which was made for tea.
Then I discovered that I could not see.*

*My face turned white like never before.
Shadows of figures grew on the floor.
Hands clasped my shoulders and turned me about,
Ending my life like a candle blown out.*

Jana Caldwell
Jenniger Keen
Janice Redgate

Beverly Robbins
Linda Shasberger
Sam Brown



CAPTAIN SCI-FI





Was it something I ate?



Grand prize for the First Annual Walden Halloween costume contest — Presented to Marie Loar who was dressed as (can you believe it?)

one of Hell's Angels.



High School Sweethearts!





SENIORS '79



YEARBOOK STAFF
We did this thing!
Blame us.



*One of this year's greatest difficulties
 — getting the seniors out of the trees.*

Moderato (With slow rhythm)



Allegro



Meno





MARIE LOAR, DIRECTOR



"A letter — for Marie???"

Marie conceived and created Walden and has been the director for ten years now. When asked what her philosophy for the school is she says, "Learning cannot be meaningful until you know and like yourself. Therefore, the student at Walden is valued and appreciated as a person and is given personal responsibility for learning."

Marie holds an A.B. from William Jewell College, and M.ED. in counseling from N.T.S.U., has done post-baccalaureate work at the University of Tulsa, University of Houston, and S.M.U. This year we are proud to announce that Marie is a candidate for a PH.D. in secondary education from N.T.S.U.

Marie lists her hobbies as golf, cooking, and her grandchildren which take up, pleasantly, a great deal of her time.

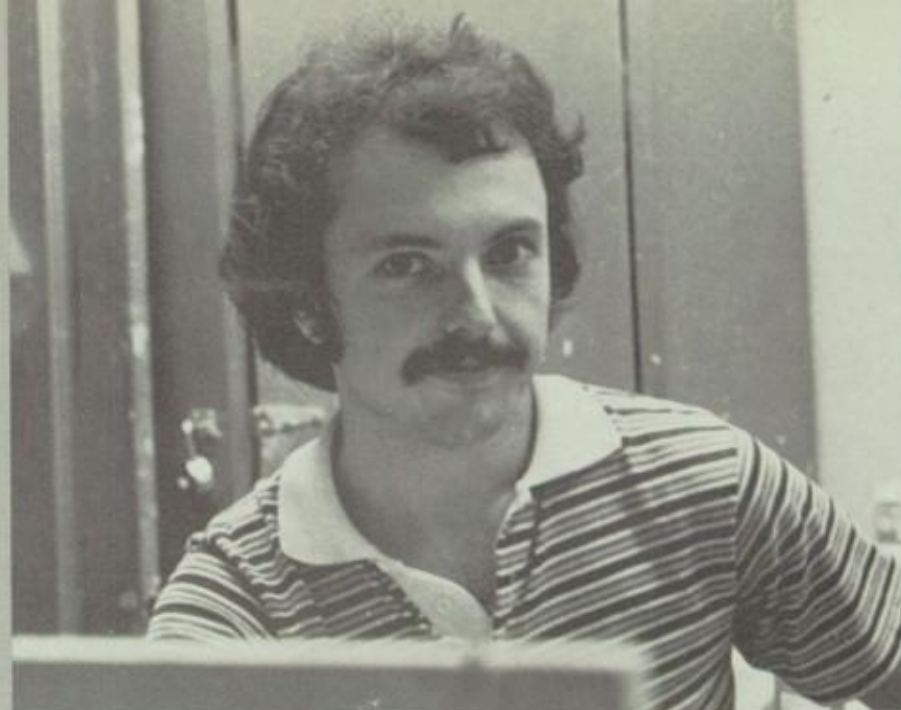
"I'd rather be sorry
for something I've done
Than for something
that I didn't do."

— Kris Kristofferson

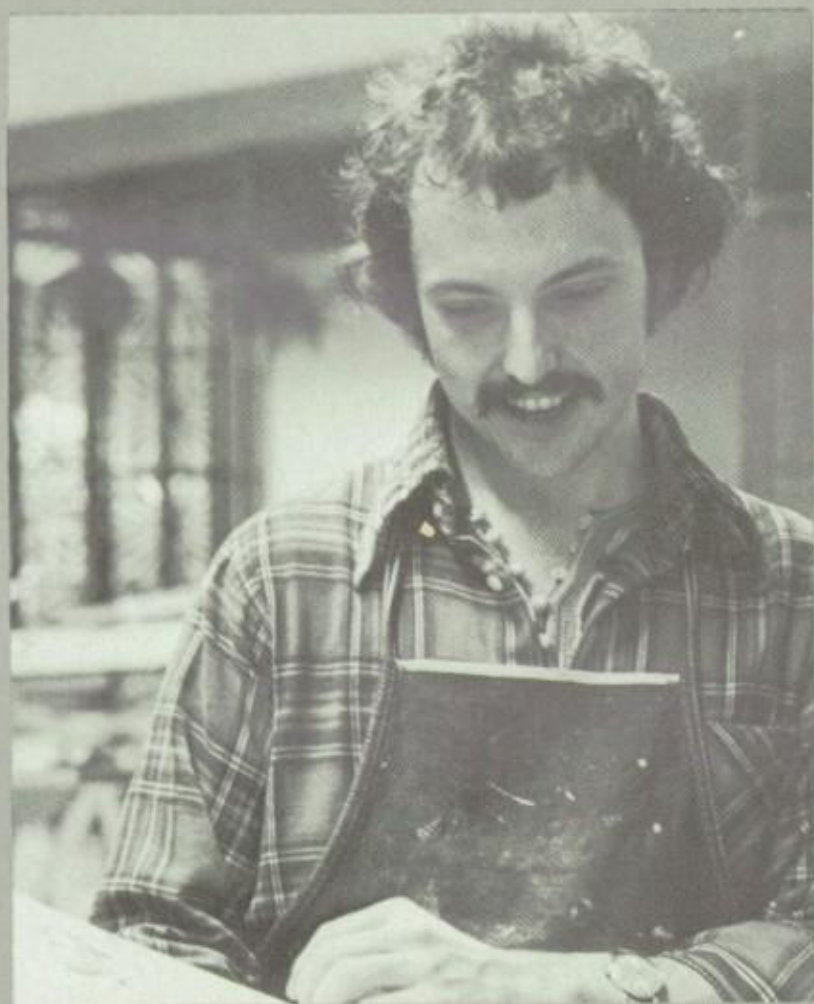




WALLY LINEBARGER



Smile!!



"Sarah's gonna love this!"

This is Wally's fourth year teaching art and ceramics, and he's added a Spanish class this year. Wally has an incredible amount of energy which he uses to sing in his car, dance in his bathroom, and roller-skate on the wheel in order to excite his students into working. Wally has a B.F.A. in Art Education and an M.F.A. in Art Education from S.M.U.

Wally's hobbies (and we quote) "are playing his guitar, writing music, cooking, laughing, singing in his car, water-skiing, jogging, and playing with Sarah," (Who's she?)

"My goal is to become the whole person God intended me to be — He may lead me to the highest peaks or through the darkest valley in order that I may know Him better . . . Walden has been a part of this process . . . tomorrow? I will tell you then."

*"They say that these are not the
best of times,
But they're the only times I've ever
known
And I believe there is a time for
meditation
in cathedrals of our own . . ."
— Billy Joel*



"You broke whose pot!?"





KAREN DIANE HUNDAHL



A warm fuzzy day in human development.

Completing two years as guidance counselor, and teaching human development and group dynamics, Karen has, among other things, designed a career guidance program. Karen has a B.S. in Education and an M.Ed. in Counseling from N.T.S.U. Her most important contribution to Walden may be teaching people to be able to show more affection toward others and themselves. Karen enjoys camping, traveling, assertive training, growing plants, and spiritual development. Karen says her goals in this lifetime are to "attain a Ph.D. in Marriage and Family Counseling, get married, have one or two children, acquire peace of mind, continue to develop a changing variety of interests, continue to change, grow, evolve, and to learn more and more to love and accept others."

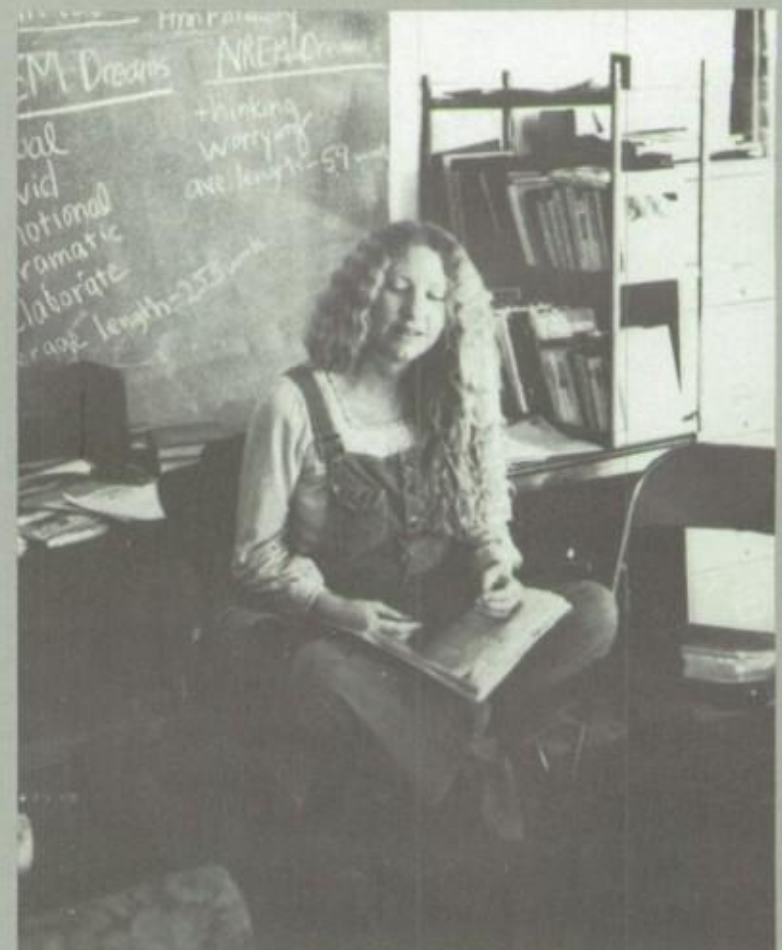
"There's a wide wide world
of noble causes
And lovely landscapes
to discover."
— Joni Mitchell



Blondes have more kink!



A psychic adventure in the woods.



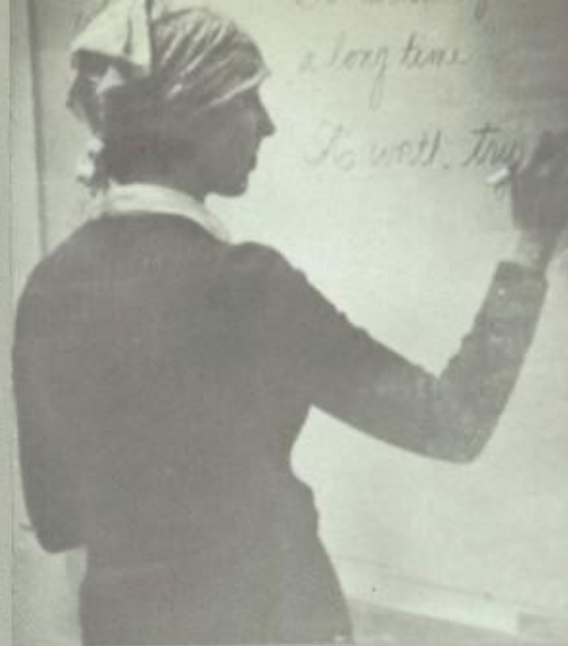
Dejá vu



SANDI McKEAN GOODIN



"I beg your pardon,"



This is Sandi's third year at Walden. She teaches English, language retraining, and coordinates the Work Experience Program. She holds a B.A. in Psychology from Biola College and will receive her language therapist certification from Dean Memorial Learning Center and Scottish Rite Hospital in August, 1979. She's also working toward an M.S. in Special Education and Guidance Counseling from E.T.S.U.

Sandi recently married Rick Goodin. They would like to have two children and redecorate an old house to live in. Some of Sandi's personal goals are to earn a Ph.D. in Psychology and be part of an educational and psychological clinic here or overseas. She would also like to travel around the world to learn about different lifestyles.

"Sometimes, not often enough
We reflect upon the good things
And our thoughts always center around
Those we love.

And we think about those people
Who mean so much to me
And for so many years have made me so
very happy.

And I count the times I have forgotten to say
Thank you, and just how much I love them."

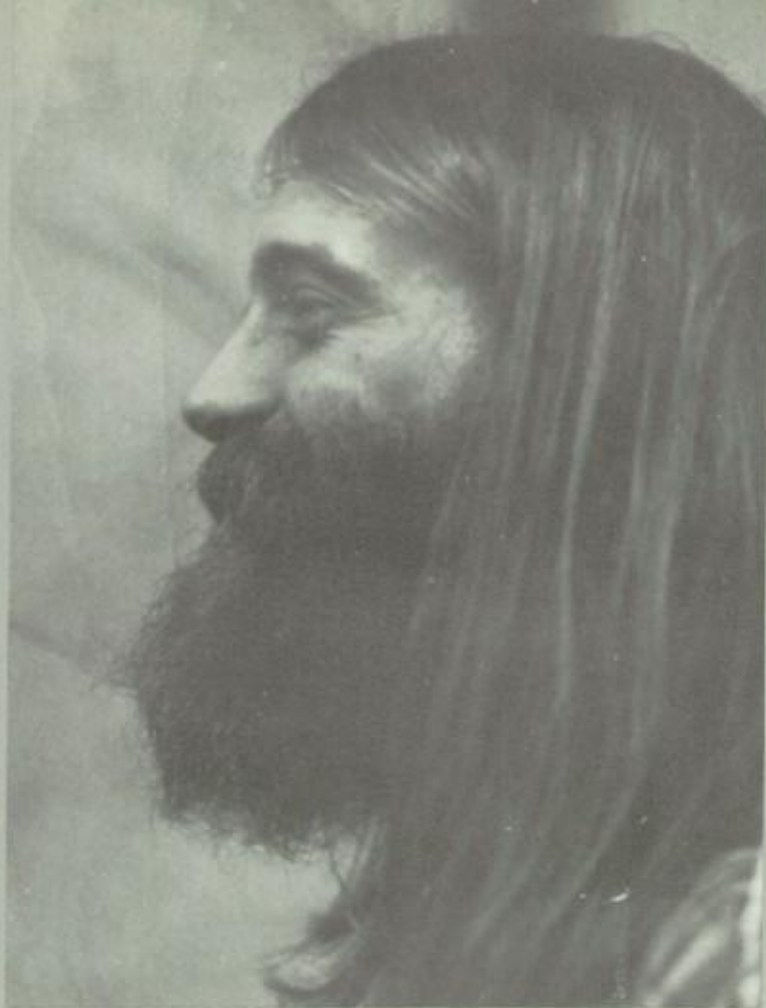
— Carpenters



Sandi teaches Debbie the art of typing.



Ralph Waldo Emerson's biography



STEPHEN HOUP



Steve's usually weird physics demo.

This makes three years at Walden for Stephen Houpt. He teaches math, physics, yoga, and gardening. Besides being head of the math department, Stephen designed his own physics course in which he uses practical demonstrations to illustrate the concepts covered every day. Stephen received a B.A. Degree in physics from Lafayette College and has done graduate work at U.T.D.

Stephen's hobbies include yoga, gardening, taking walks, camping, writing poetry, and ping pong. He also plays the guitar, harmonica, and dulcimer.

His goals in life are "To take it as it comes and to attain enlightenment."

*"May the long time sun shine upon you,
all love surround you,
and the pure light within you,
guide your way on."*

— The Incredible String Band



"Steve, that can't be right."



"Uh-ohhh, Stephen!"





LINDA SHASBERGER



"But, Colleen, you can't write that for the year-book."

Somehow, Linda has been able to withstand Walden's insanity for an incredible nine years. She must have some kind of amazing patience. This year she's teaching English, creative writing, and filmmaking. She has a B.S. from Southwest Missouri University, an M.A. in English from N.T.S.U. and 25 hours toward a Ph.D. in Education from N.T.S.U.

Linda enjoys reading, writing, and learning with her young child, Jenni. Linda says, "I see vaguely a future of writing — maybe teaching in a college, but the image is vague because right now I'm content being where I am."

"I've been going for some time now.
Along the way I've learned some things.
You have to make the good times yourself —
Take the little times and make them into
big times,
And save the times that are alright
For the ones that aren't so good."
— Rod McKuen



The devil made me do it.



"ZZZ"



LARRY STONE



This is Larry's second year teaching at Walden. His classes include general science, biology, survival, math, metalogues, and woodworking. There's an underground movement organizing the Larry Stone Fan Club — so far made up of the people he takes camping!? Besides spending a lot of time in the woods, Larry has done three years of graduate research at N.T.S.U. in microbiology.

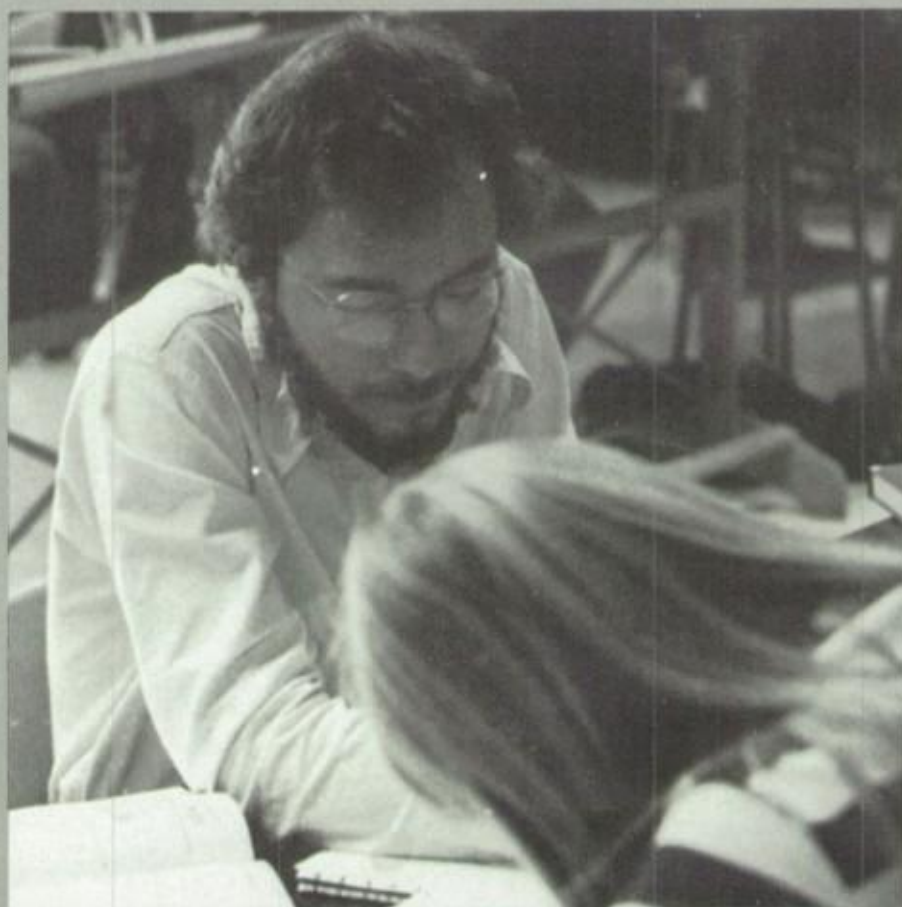
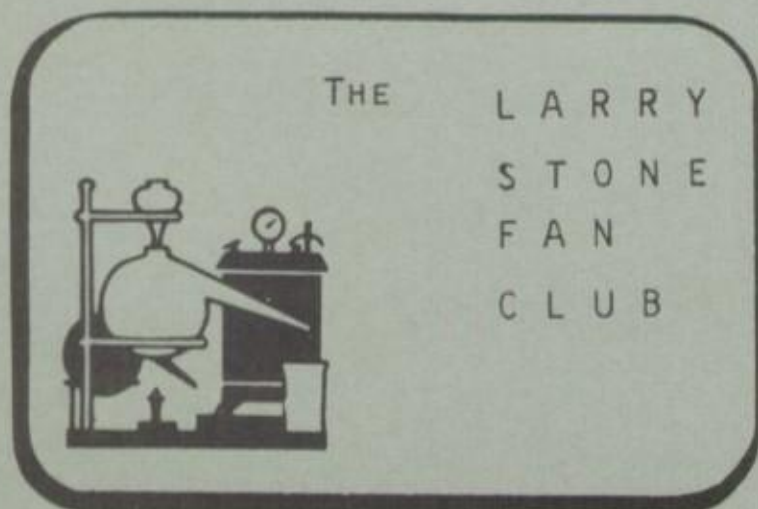
In his spare time (when he's not writing lesson plans) he likes camping, woodworking, writing poetry, and reading. Goals in life? Larry says he would like to walk the Appalachian Trail, buy a few acres of timber land, and build his own house.

"There is no one who can show you the road you should be on. They only tell you they can show you and then tomorrow they are gone."

— Judy Collins



Studying Biology from the outdoors in.



"There you go, Mary."



PAULA PLATT



And they all lived happily everafter.

Paula started late this year (during the second quarter) taking up where Carlton left off teaching American history, and government. Paula came to Walden with a B.A. in psychology, history, and English and an M.A. in secondary education from Austin College.

She enjoys reading, writing, poetry, and bowling. She also spends a lot of her time working toward a special reading certificate at N.T.S.U.

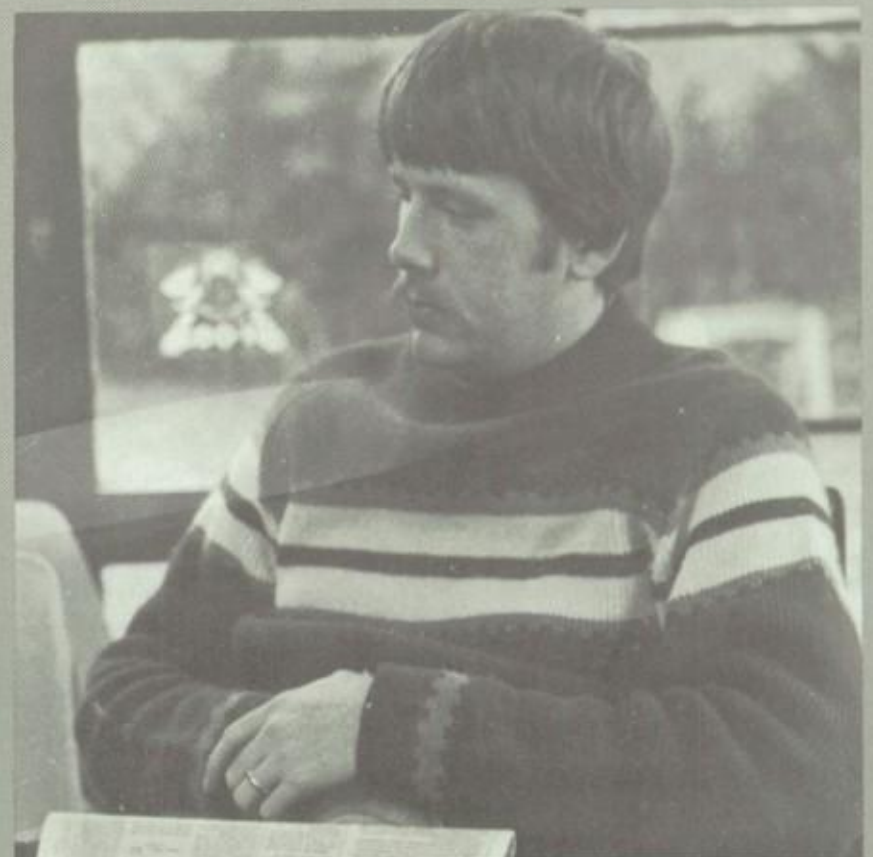
Paula hopes to teach kids and be happy (not necessarily in that order.)

*"All I want
is to never grow old."*

— Country Joe & The Fish



Reading while asleep.



Carlton Meredith taught American History and Government first quarter.



MICHAEL FLANAGAN



The first quiet moment all day!

Michael has been at Walden for nine years teaching drafting and math. He also fills the very important position of being the school's business manager. In the past couple of years Michael has surprised us all with his very strange sense of humor. What do you expect after nine years at Walden? Michael received his B.S. degree in industrial arts from N.T.S.U.

Some of Michael's hobbies include reading, gardening, and drawing. He also works part-time at a bookstore. One of Michael's goals is to someday "open a little bookstore when I retire."

*"I don't know much about algebra —
Don't know what a slide rule is for."
— Art Garfunkel*



Taking Mike's desk is a school offence.



Drafting class



Thinking about money again!



SUSAN BOWYER



Susan Bowyer is teaching for her first time at Walden this year. She teaches math. Her strong point seems to be getting students motivated in math. She received a B.A. in psychology and biology from Southwestern University and an M.S. in counseling and guidance from E.T.S.U. She is working toward an Ed.D. in counseling at E.T.S.U.

Susan had a six-year-old child, Shannon, and enjoys backpacking, canoeing, swimming, bicycling, playing pool, growing sprouts, jamming, natural cooking, and telepathy.

Susan says, "I want to become experienced in other cultures through travel, and I want to live in the mountains by the sea somewhere and raise my family with goats, doves, honey bees, and gardens to allow us the uninterrupted practice of creative living and spiritual richness."

"And take me down to the harbor now
Grapes of the summer are low on
the bough
Ghosts of my history will follow me
there
And the winds of the old days will
blow through my hair."
— Joan Baez



"Com on, Nile, you can do it."



"Let's see . . . for supper we can have bat wings, corn sprouts
...."



"That
was
gross!!"



PAMALA EZELL

My
buddy



Pamala has been at Walden for four years. She teaches photography, world history, English, yearbook, and photoart. She has a B.A. in English literature from the University of Houston, and is working toward an M.A. in counseling from E.T.S.U.



"You guys know I'm gonna have to censor these."

Although she spends most of her time trying to undermine the workings of the Larry Stone Fan Club and singing harmony with Wally in his car, Pamala likes to read, camp, listen to music, and write poetry. She also leads a feminist consciousness raising group at the federal prison in Ft. Worth. Her goals? She says, "To be happy, to continue teaching young people, to live in the country in my own home, and to work toward the goal of all human beings being assured of equal rights. To be able to say when I die that I helped to assure those rights to all people — women, men, and children. To be able to say that my life was significant in bringing about some positive changes."

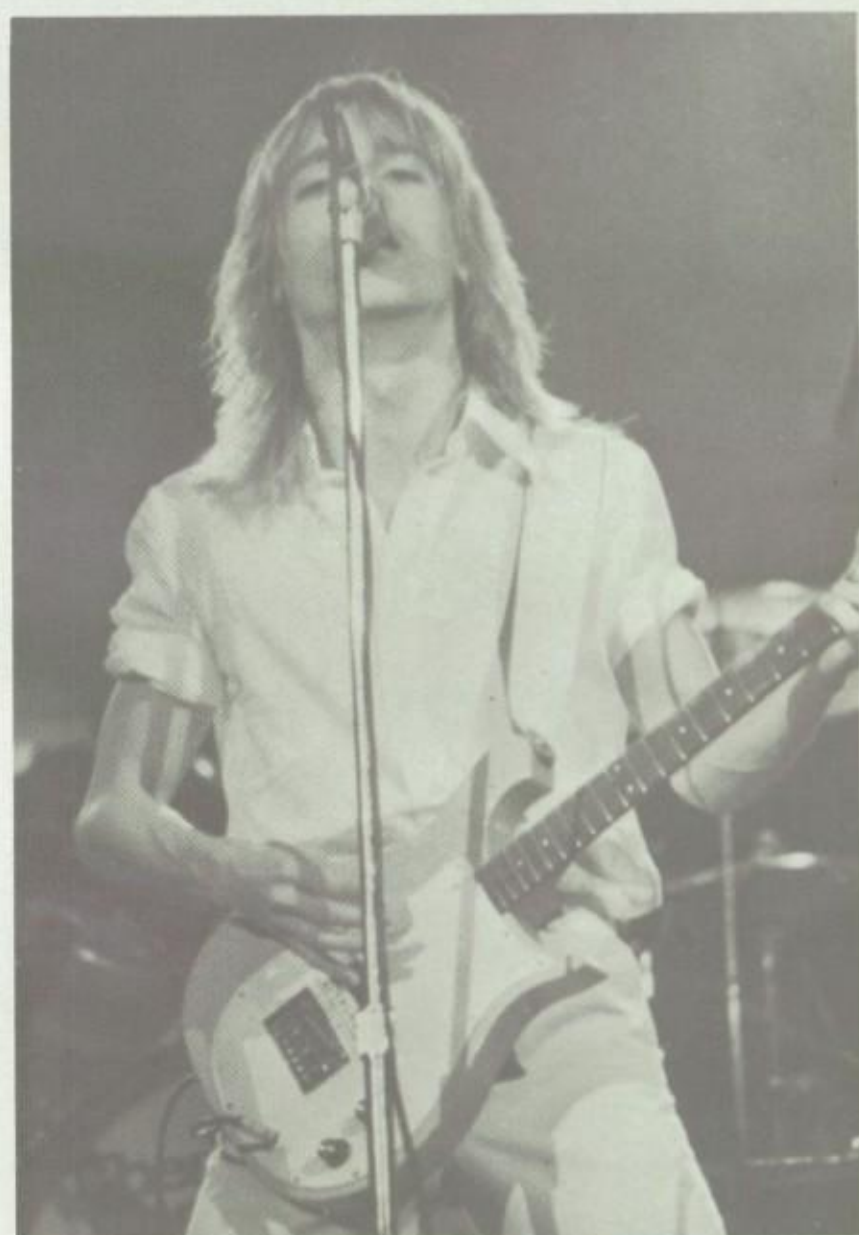
*"In search of love and music
My whole life has been
Illumination
Corruption
And diving, diving, diving, diving,
Diving down to pick up on every shiny thing
Just like that black crow flying
In a blue, blue sky."*

— Joni Mitchell



Sewing class!!





Underclass-
Persons





NEIL MORROW



CAMILLE McMANUS



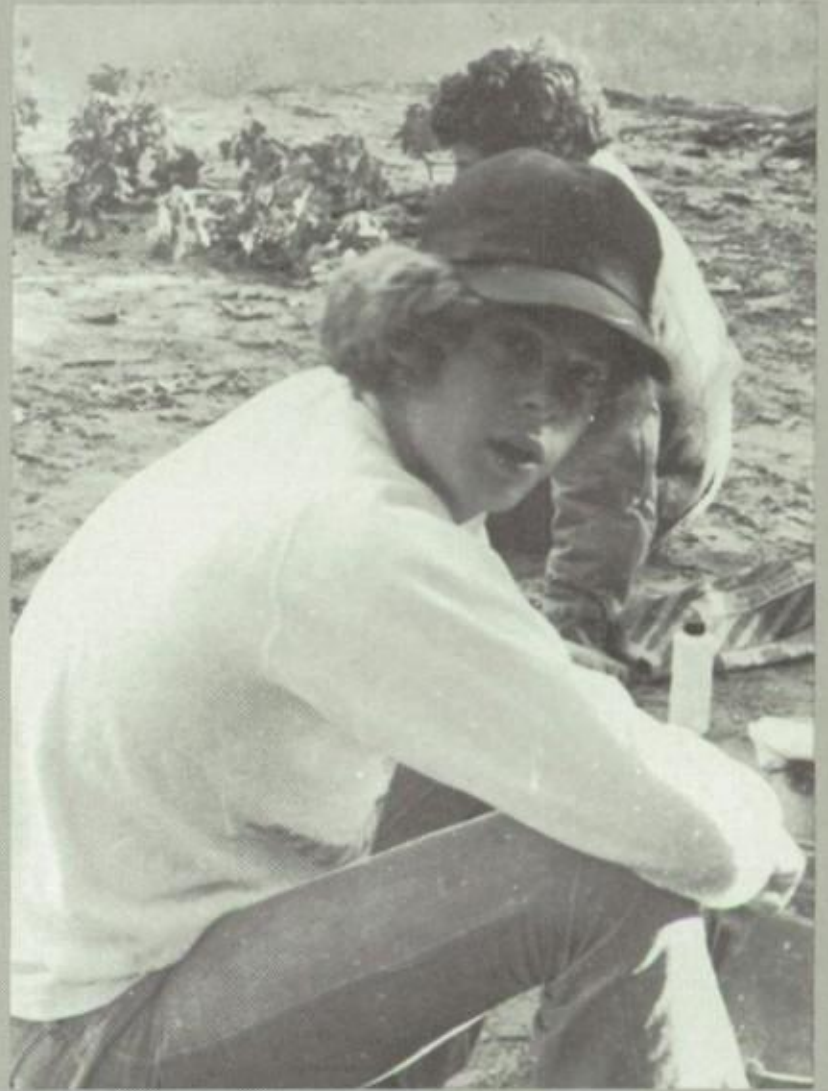
COLLEEN SULLIVAN



KEVIN CASSELL



CHUCK RASH



CHRIS JORDAN



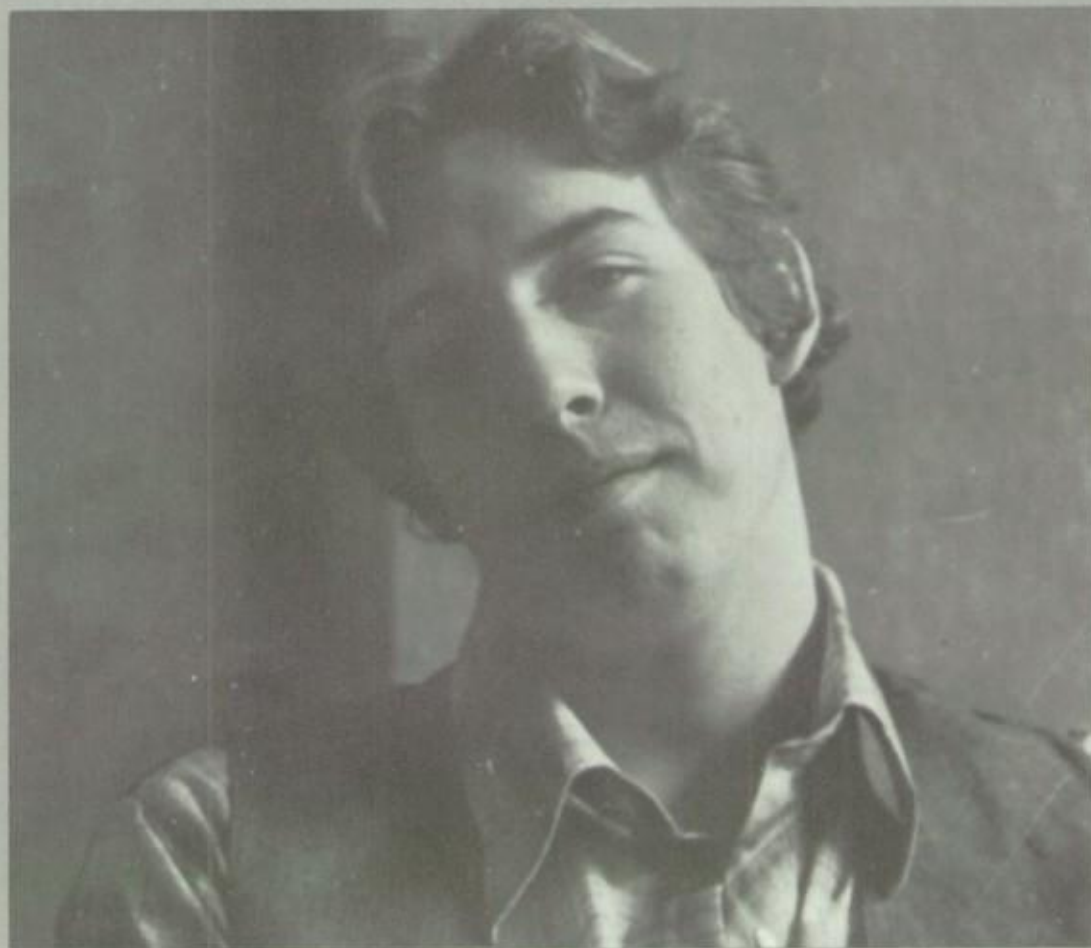
JENNIFER KEEN



SUSAN THAYER



SHELL COX



MAX KEIMER



CHRIS KEEN



DAVID ROMAN



DAVID PHILLIPS



LARRY GARLAND



BRAD HOLMAN



RON MILLS



JON PRATT



KEVIN LEONARD



JULIA MUNDEN



GREG PIERCE



KIM MARTIN



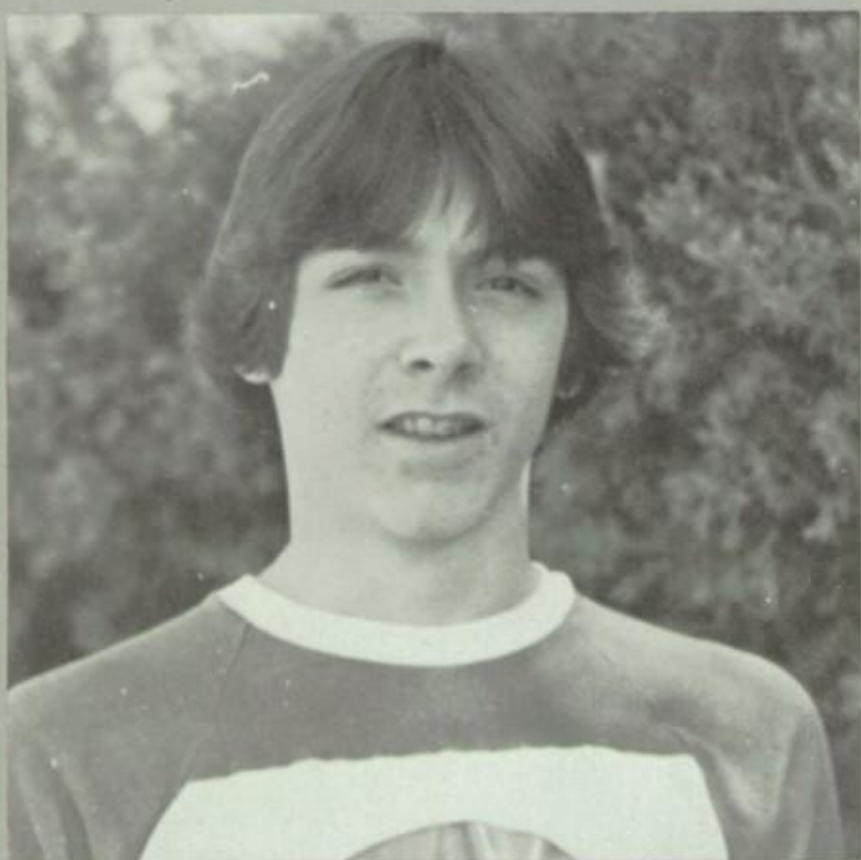
ROBERT SMITH



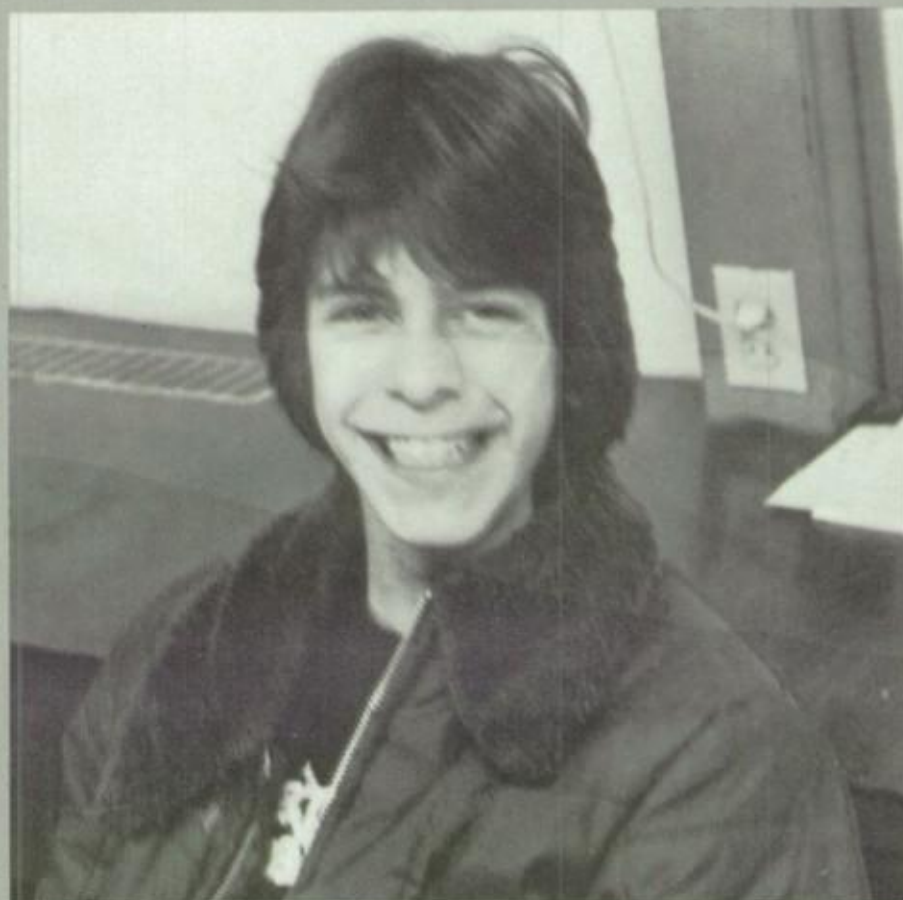
DOUG LEE



RONNIE KING



SCOTT MASSEY



JON LACEY



JON APPLEWHITE



RUSTY SHARP



MELODY LOAR



HONZA KRULICH



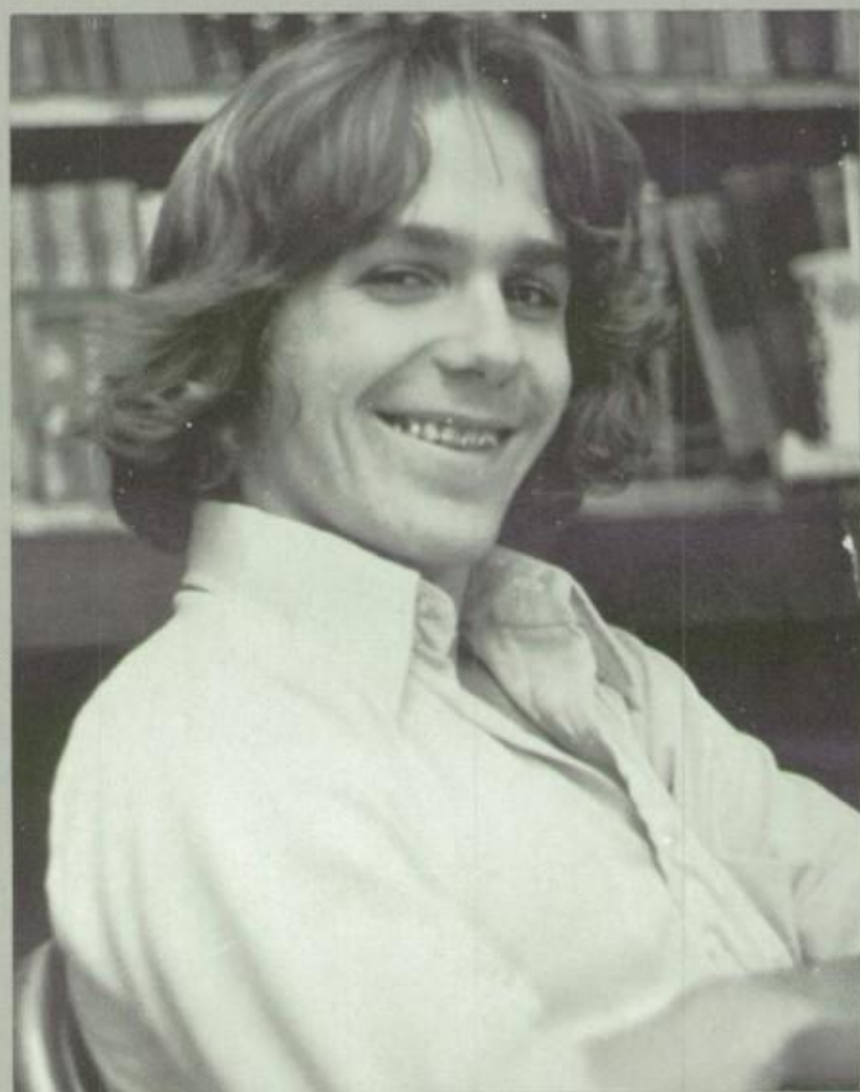
MIKE HOOD



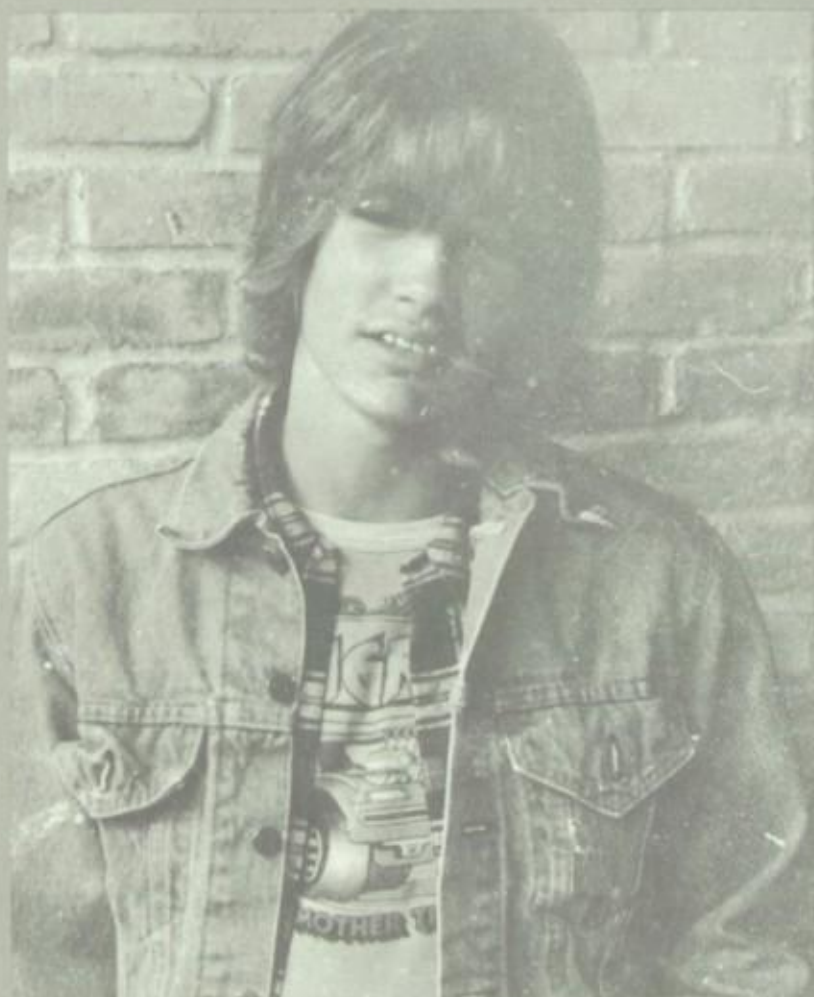
CHRIS COLLARD



KELLY CARTER



BENNETT PIASSICK



TAL THOMPSON



RICHARD ANDREWS



STOREY NORTON



RAY MECK



MARK WELLS

JON LACEY





CRAIG EVANS



CHERYL DUNPHY



DAVID RAFFMAN



NILES TODD



MONICA ALMAGUER



SEAN ROBINSON



SUE FREY



SUSAN SMOTHERS



MARY TYNDALL



JOE NORMAN



ROBERT GUNN



MOLLIE STAMETS



MIKE PHILLIPS



JERI GRAY



KIM ROMANS



RAY GRESSETT



JOHN KNOX



LORIE DAVIES



CAROL NORMAN



MISSY SPILLMAN



JOHN GLADWILL



STEVE PARKER



MIKE GLOVER

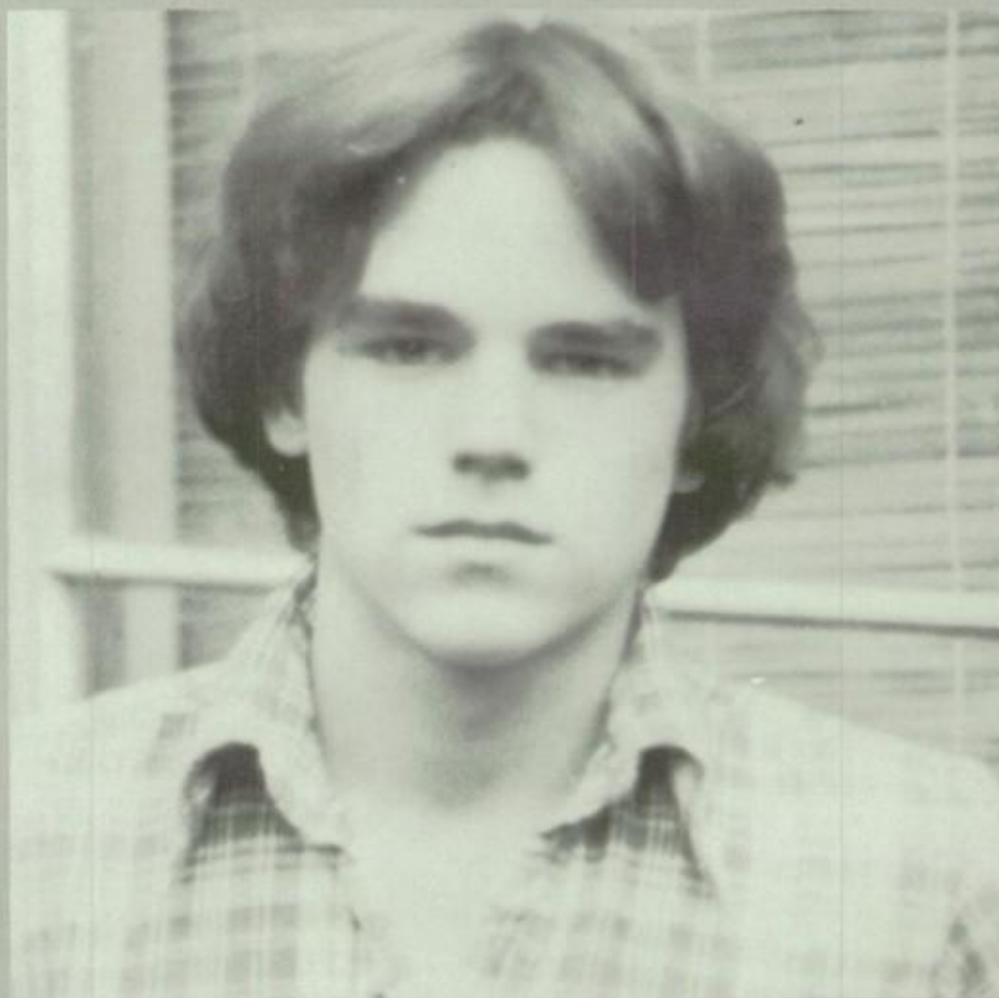


GEORGE ANTON



EARSLEY MATLOCK

Thanks to Earsley, we have one of the most beautiful school campuses in the area. Earsley has worked maintaining the grounds of Walden for ten years. On this anniversary, we would like to express our appreciation for all the hard work and long hours which go unapplauded, but by no means unnoticed.



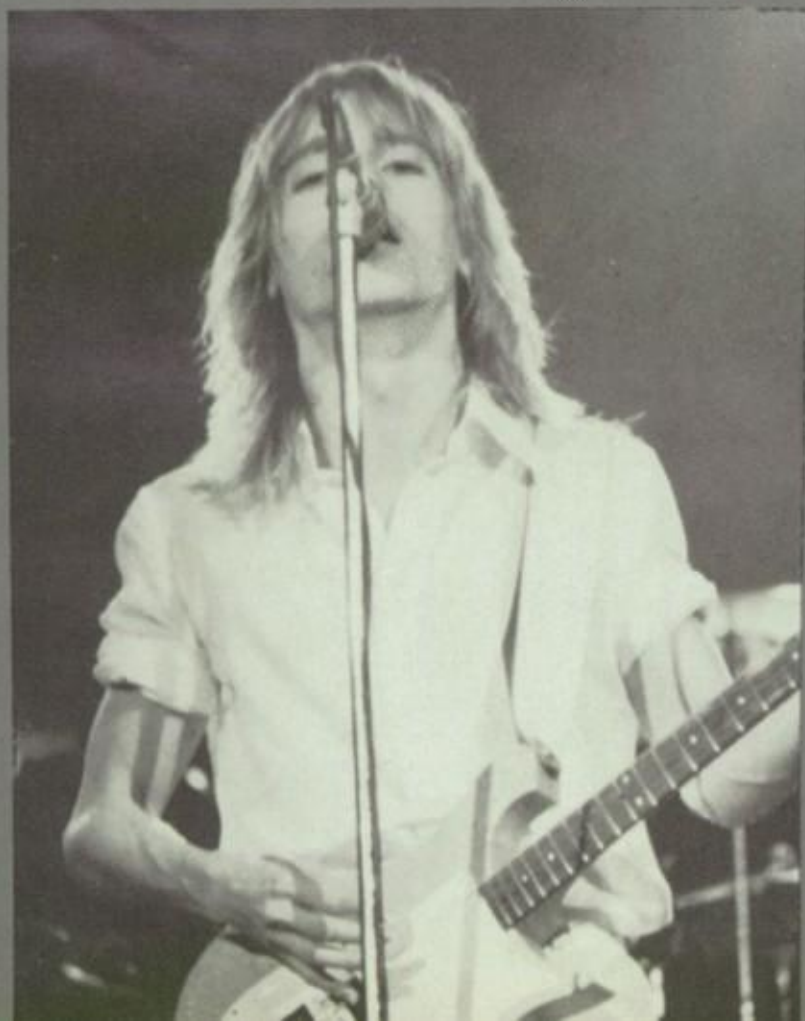
MIKE OWENS



TIM HAWKINS



A
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We Worked in Groups



Getting ready for the Christmas party



"You're getting warm."



Math Dynamics



Demonstration

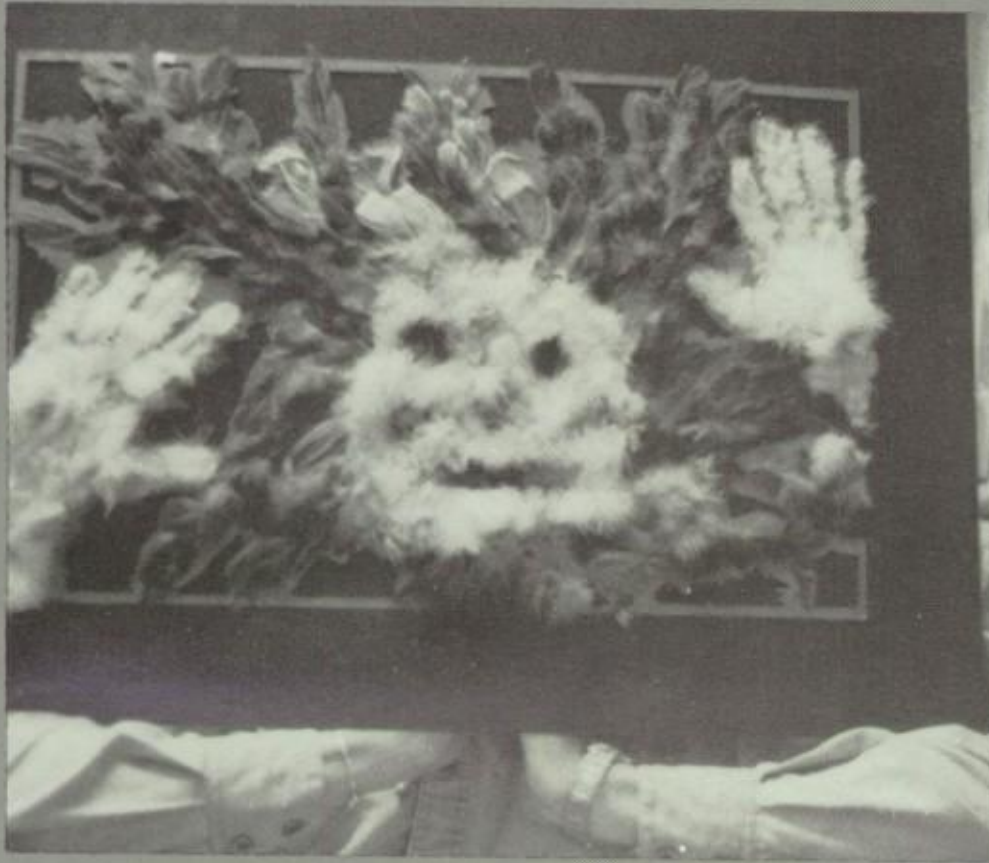


I hope she doesn't actually believe him.

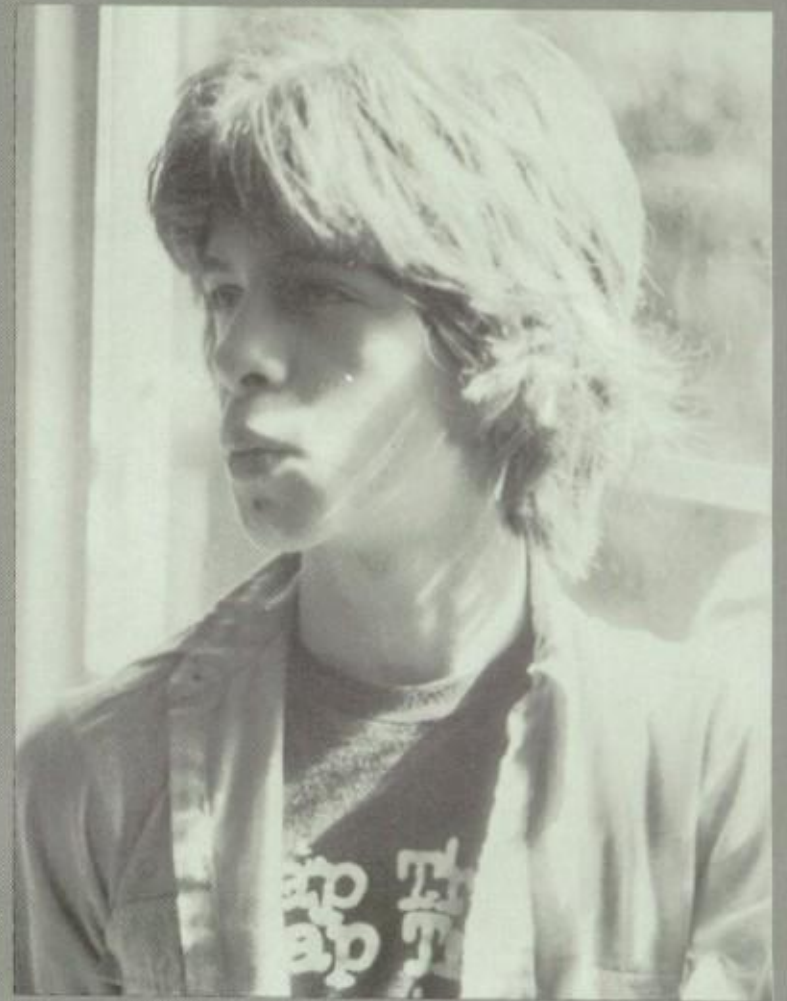


"Someone tell me what he's saying."

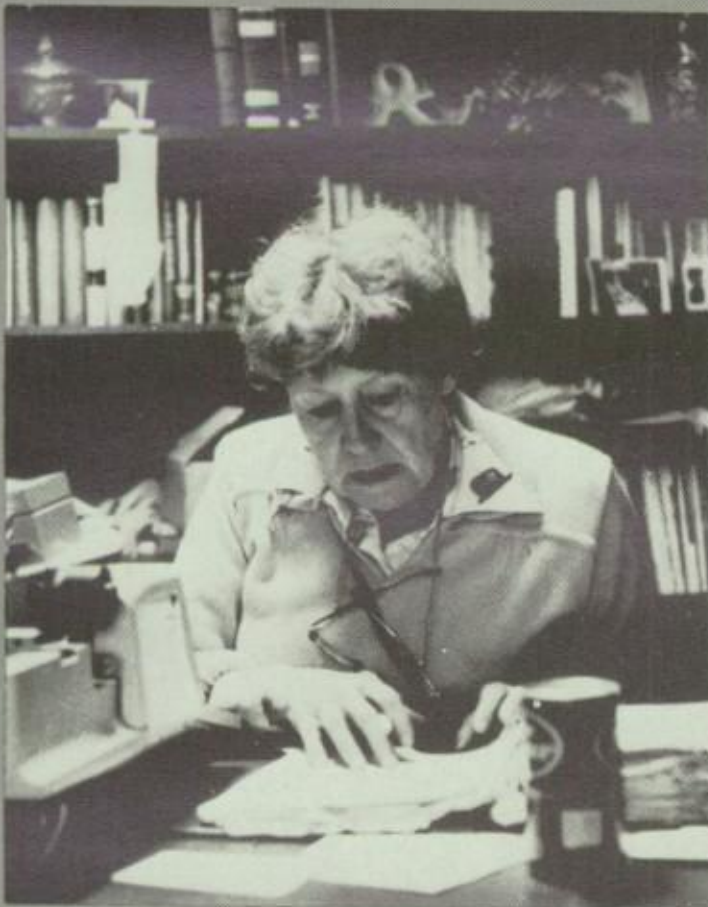
We Worked Alone



Melody's portrait of whom?



"Kiss me, kiss me."



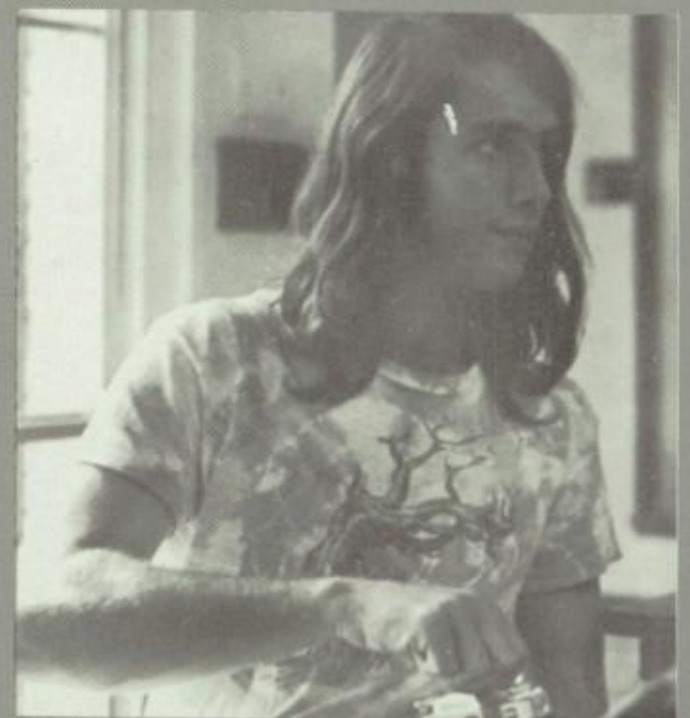
Tense moment.



What we all wish we could do.

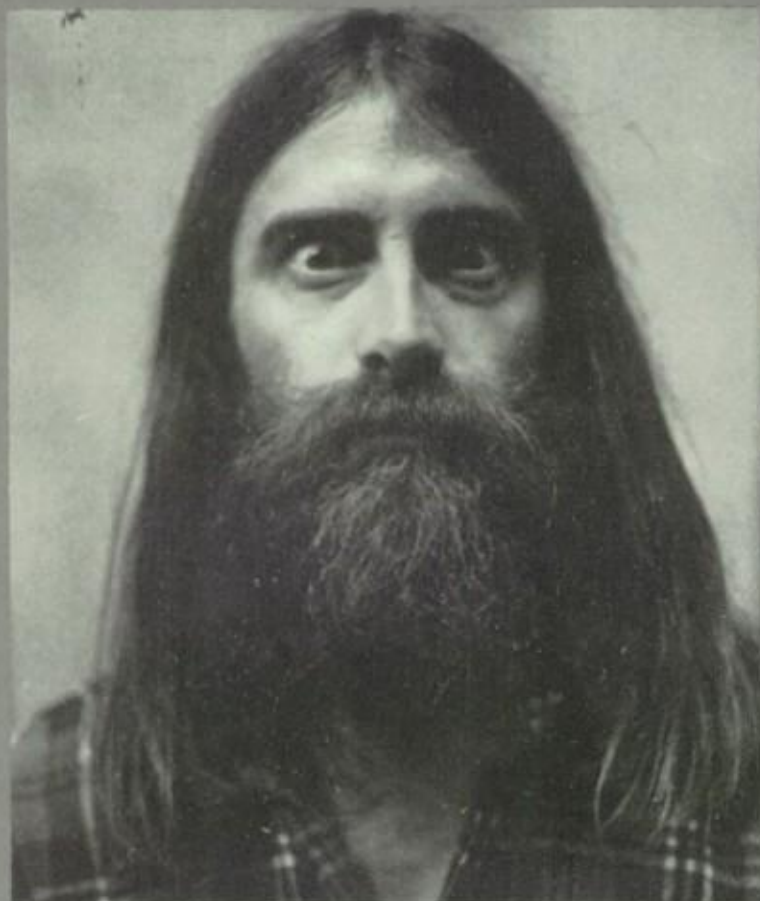


"None of your business."



"I can't get this to work."

We Looked at the Strange Faces of Adults



The look of enlightenment.



"Keep your hands off my new tables."



What??



"Apple core, apple core . . ."



Never mind a comment on these two pictures.



"But I have to graduate."



Shell can't decide if she's an underclassperson, a senior, or activity.



"Como te atreves?"



"Some days nothing goes right."



"This is the third time I've done this problem."



"I like to keep a dark profile,"

We Got Away From It All at Times



Mike on the Yearbook Camp-Out



Can we stand two of them?



Larry finally got a quiet moment on one of the camp-outs.



Larry's chili and beans — "Yum, Yum, lick 'em up."



"I feel pretty, oh, so pretty."

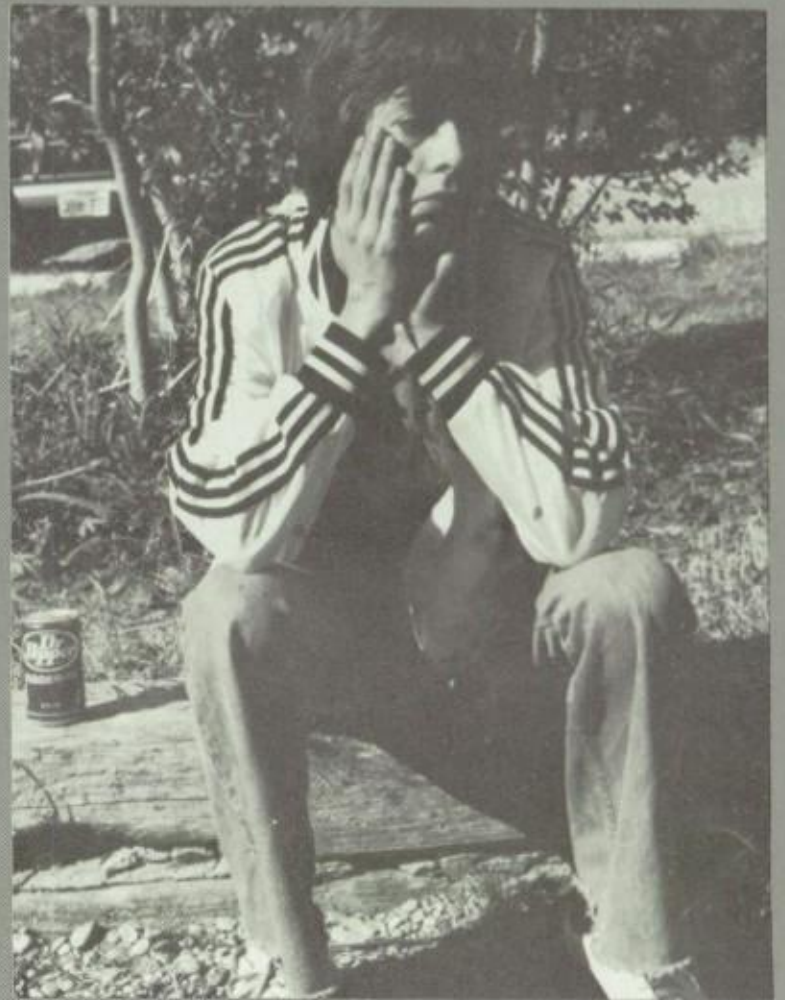


Chris Collard said we had to say that this picture got in the book by mistake. (Or something like that.)

We Created and Expressed Ourselves



Larry, is this the science of dream analysis?



Jon, quietly.



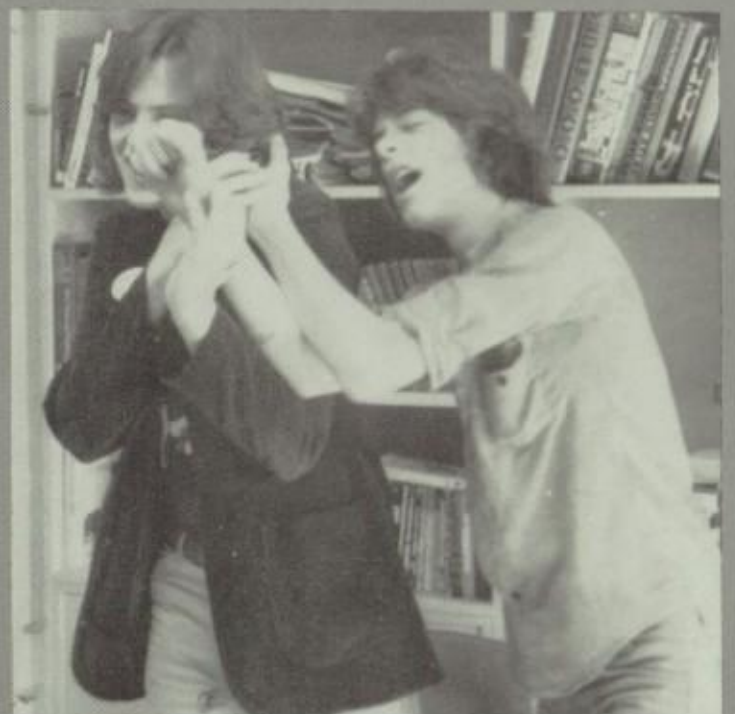
Sam and his painting



Making motors in physics



Ron and his painting



Typical behavior



JON PRICE
Editor



STEVE DAVIS



MIKE
PRESTRIDGE



GREG KAUT
Photo Editor



L to R: Mike, Jon Price, Jon Lacey, Cameron, Steve, Greg, and Susie. Our special thanks to Wally Linebarger, Michael Flanagan, and Vickie, who designed the cover.



SUSIE RUFUS
Copy Editor



V I C K I
L E W I S



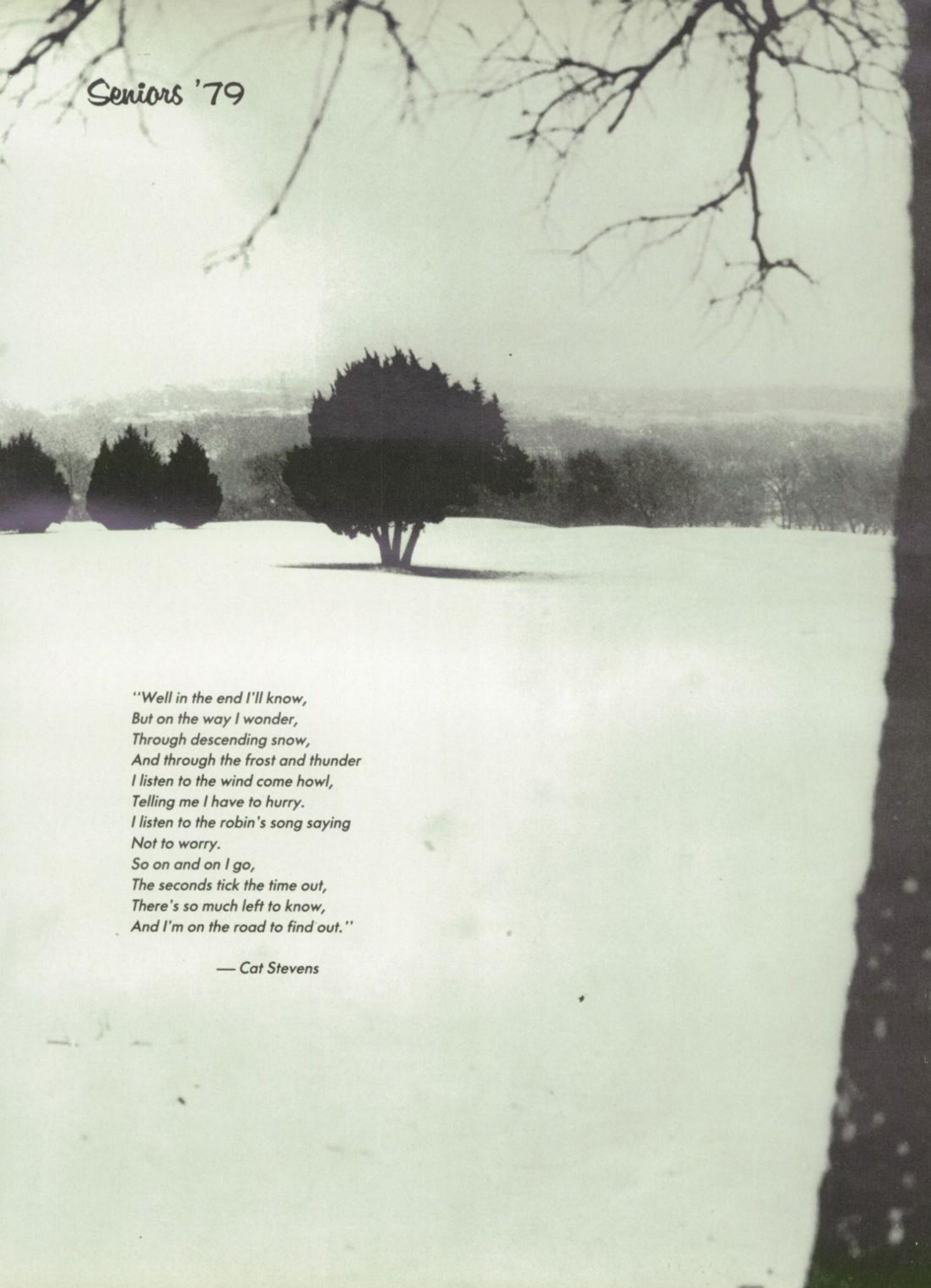
CAMERON MURRAY
Art Editor



PAMALA EZELL: ADVISOR



JON LACEY
Photographer and
Mood Elevator



Seniors '79

"Well in the end I'll know,
But on the way I wonder,
Through descending snow,
And through the frost and thunder
I listen to the wind come howl,
Telling me I have to hurry.
I listen to the robin's song saying
Not to worry.
So on and on I go,
The seconds tick the time out,
There's so much left to know,
And I'm on the road to find' out."

— Cat Stevens



FRED FISCHER

*"And the meek shall inherit
the earth."*

— Rush



STEPHEN CHANDLER

*"I'd love to change the
world but I don't know what
to do."*



DENISE BULOW

*"It's just that evil life
that's got me in its sway."*

— Rolling Stones



WILSON STOUT

*"You can't always get
what you want."*

— Mick Jagger



TOM IRWIN

*"Moving to Montana soon
Going to be a dental floss tycoon."*

— Frank Zappa



BEVERLY ROBBINS

*"You can't always get what you
want."*

— Rolling Stones



NILE LAW

"Ramble on . . ."

— Led Zeppelin



GREG KAUT

*"Substitution, mass confusion
It all clouds inside your head."*

— The Cars



STEVE DAVIS

*"Has the dawn ever seen your eyes,
Has the truth made you so unwise
Realize you are."*

— Greg Lake

*"I will remember you
Your silhouette will charge the view
of different atmospheres."*

— Jon Anderson

GEORGE MYERS

*"Cloaked in twilight lost
Unheeded cries fall still
Facades lay scarred and bare
We stand worlds apart."*

— Mike Clay
Steve Parker



JON PRICE

*"Sing with me, sing for the year,
Sing for the laughter, sing for the tears.
Sing with me just for today, maybe tomorrow
the good Lord will take you away.
Dream on, dream yourself a dream come true."*

— Steven Tyler



SUSIE RUFUS

*"There are places I'll remember
All my life, though some have changed,
Some forever not for better
Some have gone and some remain.
All these places had their moments
With lovers and friends, I still can recall,
Some are dead and some are living
In my life I've loved them all."*

— John Lennon
Paul McCartney

DIXIE McDANIEL

*"Riding the storm out
Waiting for the fall-out
On a full moon's night — waiting for the snow
Thinking about what I've been missing in the city
I'm not missing a thing — ridin' free on the wing
Watchin' the full moon fall in the rain."*

— REO Speedwagon



JANA CALDWELL

*"They say do your best, but don't cause
a fuss.
Don't make waves be like the rest of us.
But I can feel the tide is turning fast,
And deep inside I know that I can't last
Another day."*

— Styx



PIE RUTLEDGE

*"Time is too slow for those who wait,
Too swift for those who fear,
Too long for those who grieve,
Too short for those who rejoice,
But for those who love,
Time is not."*

— Henry Van Dyke

TIM ELLIS

*"Gonna play a little rock 'n' roll yeah
Got nothing to lose but the rhythm
and blues,
I know
To lift you up and take you away."*

— Boston



ANDY GOLDMAN

*"I remember the good ol' days,
Stayed up all night, got in a craze.
Then the money was not so good
But we still did the best we could — Walk on."*

— Neil Young



CAMERON MURRAY

*"Ever since I was a baby girl
Wanted one thing most in this world
Was to keep my lovin',
Keep my love alive."*

— Heart



DANIELA IMBER

*"You see things as they are,
And you ask 'Why?'
But I dream things that never were,
And I ask, 'Why not?' "*

— Bobby Kennedy

MIKE PRESTRIDGE

*"On a sailing ship to nowhere
Leaving anyplace
If the summer changes to winter
Yours is no disgrace."*

— Yes





JOHN PRATT

*"Seagulls sing your heart away,
'Cause while sinners sin,
The children play,
Oh Lord, how they play."*

— Cat Stevens

DEBBIE OWEN

*"It's been a long time since I rock and rolled, It's been
a long time since I did the stroll. Ooh let me get it back,
let me get it back, baby, where I come from. It's been a
long time, been a long lonely, lonely time, yes it has.
It's been a long time since the book of love I can't
count the tears of a life with no love. Carry me back,
baby, where I come from."*

— Led Zeppelin



SHELL COX

*"In the shadow of love
Time goes by leaving me helpless
Just to reach and try
To live my life
These are my reasons."*

— Journey



MARY WHITLOW

*"Come the morning
I'll be far from here
Slowly rising
In another sphere."*

— Cat Stevens



SHERRY CARLYSLE

*"If I could sit beside myself
Would I see me or maybe someone else.
Cuz it's hard to please most everyone
When your spirit's got you on the run.
I'm o.k. this way,
Yes, I'm o.k."*

— Styx

SAM BROWN

*"I believe there's a best of both worlds
Mixing old and new
Recognizing change is seldom expected
As I long suspected
They believe that strange is a word
for wrong
But not in my song."*

— Paul Williams





HUGH KEELING



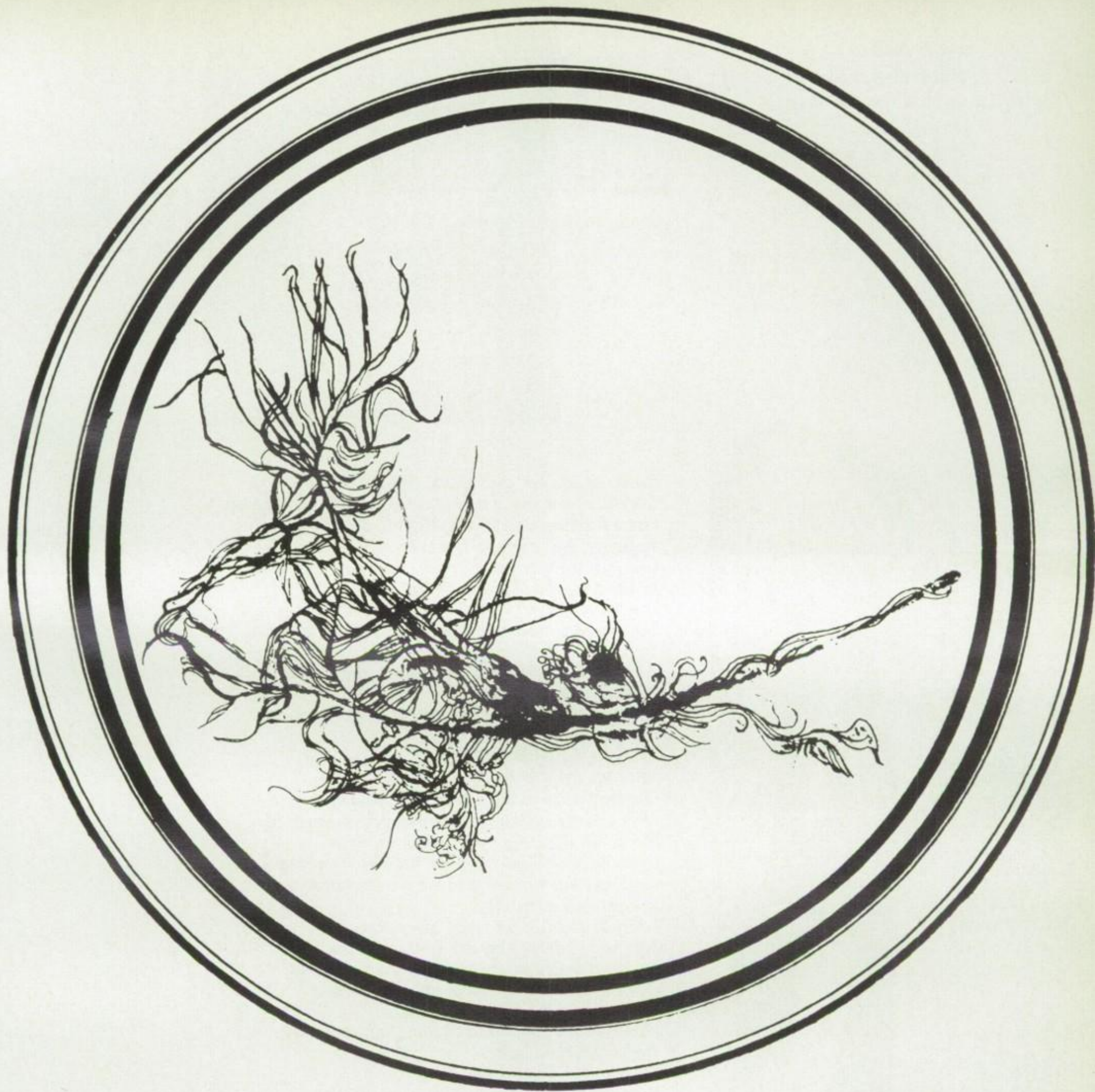
BRAD TUBRE



JANICE REDGATE



CARRIE WARREN



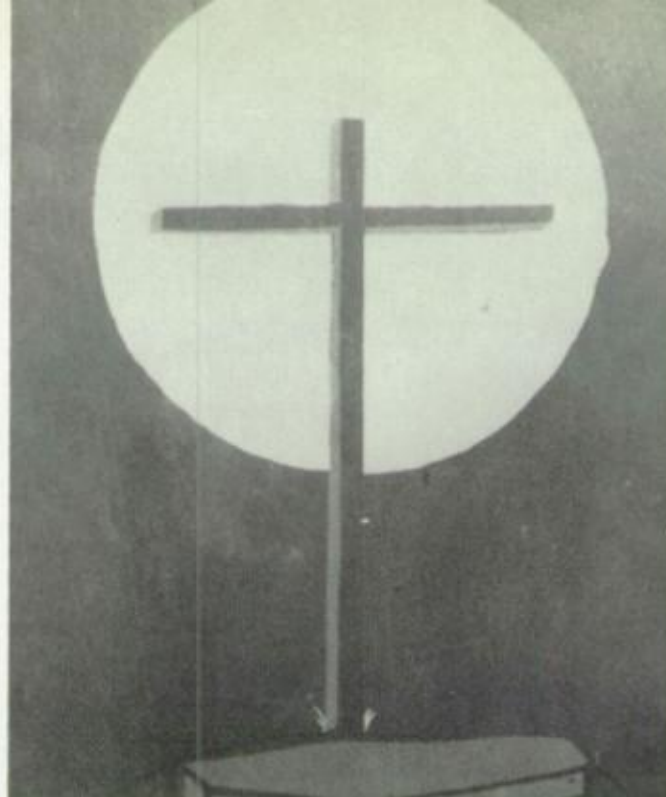
THE SOUND OF ONE HAND CLAPPING

Volume III

Number 1

I have a stack of
books about religion.
It's almost two feet high.
I'll take them all
and toss them on the floor.
It's time to go out
and look at the moon.

— Stephen Houpt



Silkscreen
by
Kevin Cassell



Photograph
by Jon Lacey

I entered, stared, and realized that I was not
Different from the rest, no body was. We all seemed
To be brothers and sisters, sharing an illusion
Together. Not caring what each other looked
Like, nor what each other felt, we were here
Waiting for the illusion to begin.
The music started, I sank in my chair. I felt
Happiness surround me, laughter echoed in my
Ears.
It had begun, silence broke, and music
Played mellow in my soul.
It was not long before my body left me, and
Projected itself on the stage.
I played, for what seemed like minutes, but
Hours had passed.
I lent my voice to the crowd, my people, my
Brothers, the public, they answered my songs by
Standing, clapping, and yelling for more.
Lights kept on flashing in my face, shining on me
As if they were proving to the crowd that this
Is what they came for.
I dared not stop, for I may disappoint my
Brothers. I had put myself here and now, I had
To do what I came for, prove myself, and not
Destroy the illusion that everyone so eagerly waited
For.
Now I was a god, not a brother, but someone
They all looked up to.
Then, my music ended.
Proud of myself for proving to myself that
I was capable
I looked at them, they looked at me, shouting, and
Raising their hands, begging for me to play one
More.
I bowed, then I lifted my head, and in raising
My arms I yelled:
"You're beautiful, Love you all."
And then disappeared into the fog.

— Jennifer Keen
1-6-79

Country Vs. City

Noise, noise, noise
All I hear is noise
The usual depressing city noises,
Cars honking, construction going on everywhere,
Traffic noises, the spine-tingling sound of
Metal on Metal,
Seeing actual human lives being taken in
Car accidents every day.
It's gotten so that you can scarcely hear
The birds anymore for all the gloomy
City noises.

Almost all cities are drowning in cement
Now.
About the only grass you see in a city
Anymore is either astro-turf or it's in
Your own backyard.

When will this society release me from
My prison of cement?
Oh how I long to hear the soothing
Country sounds
The mooing of the cows,
The call of the coyotes,
And the gently neighing of a horse in its
Stall instead of in a hunk of dog
Food.

Instead of longing to see more apartments
And department stores being built,
These big presidents of companies should
Long to smell wheat just after it's been
Harvested, to see a calf becoming strong,
That you helped deliver.

Man, just imagine being awakened at
Dawn by a rooster,
Starting your day when the sun starts its.

You could find such peace of mind in the country.

I can tell you right now, it would be a
Lot better to look out your bedroom
Window and see a vast space of land
That you own, than to see a vast
Space of brick wall that some jerk
Owns.

If for once someone would follow
A dream or two, instead of living
Of living on a routine timeclock, maybe
The world would be a lot better.

Oh what it would be like to be free.

— Dixie Lynn McDaniel



Pencil Drawing
by Sam Brown



*I've entered a place that's too incredible to believe,
A school where a person is actually set free.
Where the people are allowed to be what they feel,
And playing hooky doesn't make out as such a big deal.*

*You're treated individually not as a number on a list,
And graded on achievements not how many days you've missed.
And the battles which are few usually end up in a joke,
Unless caught by Marie while going out for a toke.*

*The relaxed atmosphere, it sets you at ease,
You don't feel pressured you can do what you please.
And the pride in public schools is left to be undone,
By the pride these students here in Walden, where they
learn and have fun.*

— Jana Caldwell

*Photo Collage
by Chris Collard*



*Bare tree, you stand there, as though you
Were waiting for the rain to come and
Unbury your roots, carry you away.
Standing there, as though you wished to die,
As so many of your companions have done,
Giving up on life, and failing to accept what
This world brings to you,
Feeling sorry for yourself, because your children
The leaves, have all fallen at your feet, and slowly
Taken by the wind.
If you give up now you'll become one more
Of the cut down trees that lay waiting to
Suffer in the blazing flames of a fireplace.*

— Jennifer Keen

*Pencil Drawing
by Beverly Robbins*

You, whose sleeping forms stir so much,
 For you there'll always be tomorrow.
 It's two in the morning
 And you're finally asleep
 All curled up around me
 And the fire we built this afternoon.
 Just me, and the wilder ones
 Are left still awake
 Listening to the wind
 Shake the loblolly pines
 Which are steadily climbed by the moon.
 Nothing lasts forever.
 Now I hear the river
 On its way to the Sabine
 And 'coons fishing hard
 In the freezing water.
 And in this I am alone.
 It's a hard thing to share.
 How a murky river can be
 A puddle of moonlight
 And cold nights make the stars twice bright.
 Or how a deer's death is not ugly
 Because of the bugling wolves.
 Perhaps we no longer need learn
 How unforgiving the earth is —
 Yet constant and elegant.
 A lesson our ancestors learned repeatedly.
 And it's here, right here.
 We are guests in a bit of eternity.

— Larry Stone
 2-18-79



Photography
 by Pamala Ezell



Silkscreen
 by Janice Redgate

Whose child is this, cried the robin to the tree?
 He has no cover to warm his flesh.
 Is this what humans call free?
 He's thin and looks hungry, and there's dirt on
 His face, who would leave him to starve,
 What a human disgrace.
 He's weak now, and he wanders, he's lost now
 He falls, aren't humans ashamed, is it no
 Concern to them at all?
 We mourn now the death, of this unwanted
 Child, uncared for by humans. He died with
 A smile.

— Jennifer Keen

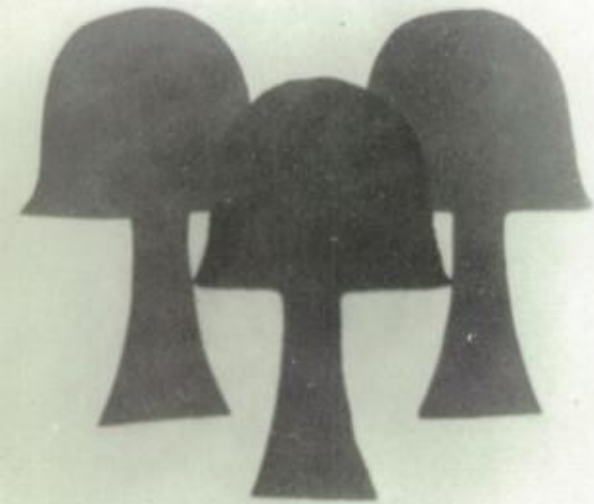
Pride

*Pride quickens the heart.
Fools that fear dedication shrink from the word
For they will accomplish nothing.*

*Pride breaks love.
Fools that hate destroy the unity of love
For they will distract from accomplishment.*

*Pride goes on with the absence of such fools,
As it has in the past with love —
As it will in the future, with dedication.*

— Cheryl Dunphy

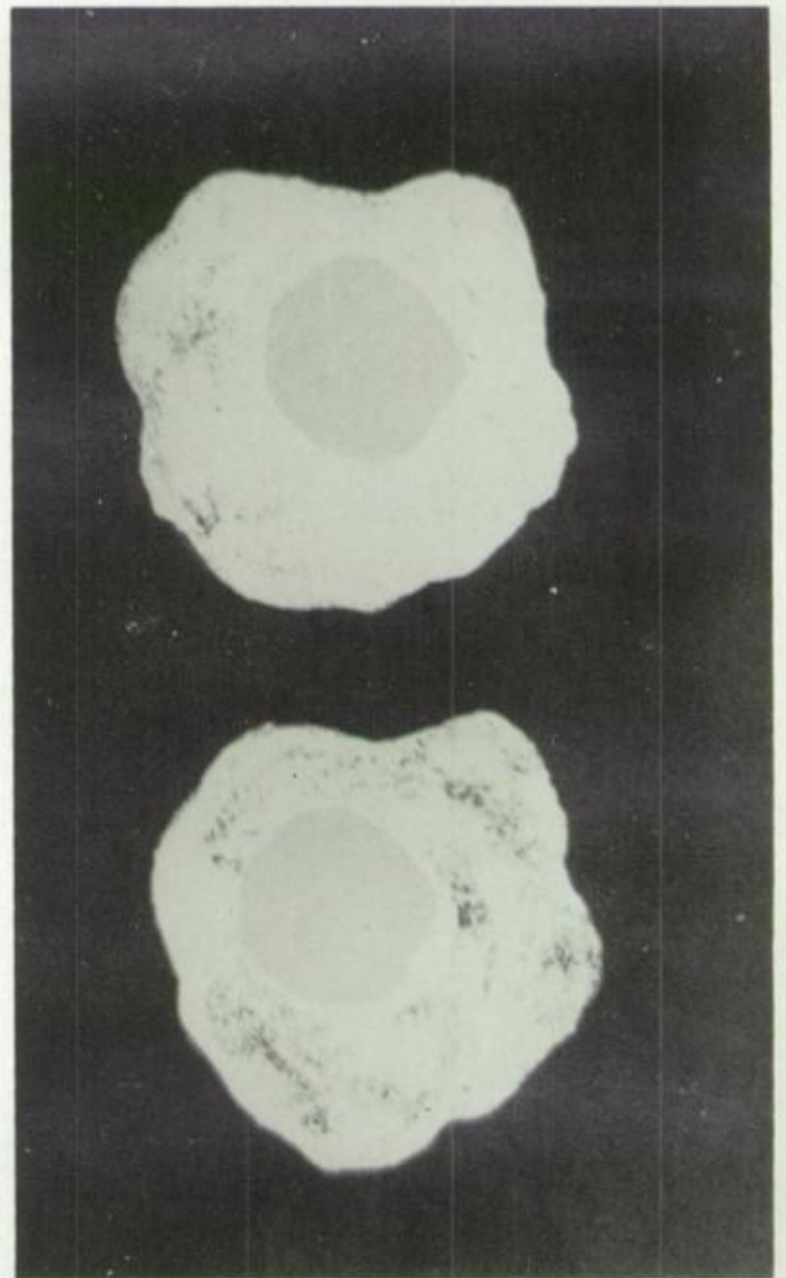


*Photo
Silkscreen
by
David Phillips*

*I saw a child laugh today
without a care in the world
He acted as if there wasn't a cloud
in the sky
it was raining
Children are free and easy
they don't get depressed
They don't need to go on a high to get
away from reality for a while
To them their reality is a high
one big natural high
But when they become adults they start
receiving problems of their own
As well as from friends, society, politicians,
and worst of all, the world
That's when they begin to doubt some
things they learned in school, especially the
one about life, living, and the
pursuit of happiness
How can they enjoy these privileges
with all these problems weighing
them down*

I wish I was a child again

— Dixie Lynn McDaniel



*Photo Silkscreen
by Jennifer Keen*

I read they've found a double star
 (even published its picture)
 Composed in two parts:
 One brilliant blue and pulsing,
 One dark with awesome energy.
 And the luminous energy of one
 Feeds the dark strength of the other,
 While its mass draws them together
 Causing the first to pulse.
 Twinned now, and bound
 In time to become one.
 Proving to me, that better symbols
 May be found than those contrived.
 From now on, I will think
 Of a special sort of love whenever
 I catch a star quietly pulsing.

— Larry Stone

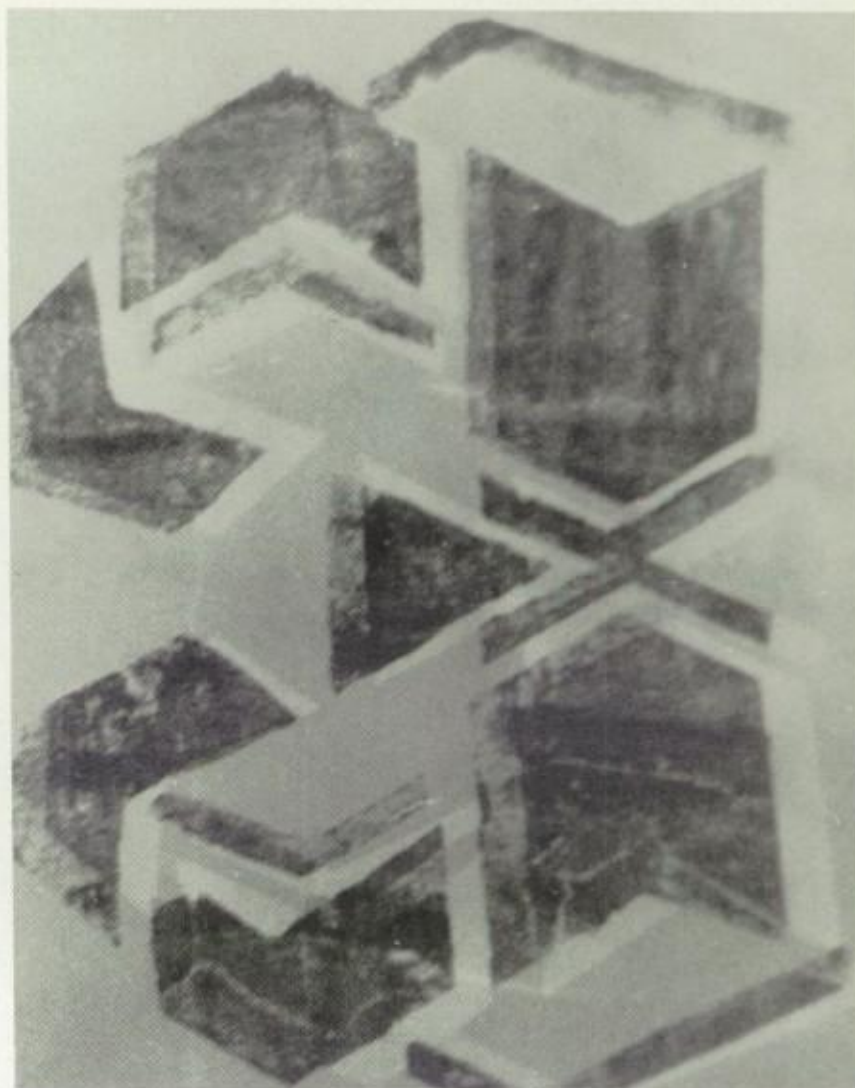


Photo silk screen
 by Scott Massey



Silkscreen
 by Beverly Robbins

There's someone here to listen
 No matter what I say
 If I'm wrong then I'm corrected
 In a gentle sort of way —
 No one hurts my feelings
 They know. We all can't be the same
 I'm respected for the man I am
 But reminded I can change —
 Teachers can relate to me
 They show me how they feel
 Make me understand them
 Help me to figure what is real —
 I remember reading "Love Your School"
 many years ago
 I wonder if I'd finish
 Cause it really hurt to go —
 But before I saw the problem
 Someone had a dream
 After hope and dedication
 Walden, came to be.
 Now that I am moving on
 I hope that you all know
 Walden's a special place for me
 And my love can only grow.

— Andy Brewster

Water

Water is cool
clear and
blue
Refreshing in its effect
Water running
through a
mountain stream it
looks
like
Inviting pleasure at
your feet

— Dixie Lynn McDaniel



Photograph
by Pamala Ezell



Pencil and Ink Drawing
by Ray Gressett

Some — an old man — stood behind a podium
And smilingly assured his listeners that
these times were only a phase —
they would pass —
youth would age
idealism would fade into conformity

I became angry —
and then I laughed
the old man was a blind fool
We were going to change the world —
This time.

I think of you, old man —
Standing in the fluorescent supermarket aisle
weighing the price of grapefruit
with the same fervor

I once gave to thoughts
of war
and peace
and love
and human freedom.

The Age of Aquarius is an old song.

Oh, I like to think I'm . . .

And in the corners of my mind
I still cling with slipping fingers
to a fading image

Of a better world

With better people

And flowers — Lots of flowers

Oh — and I still wear my "peace" ring
(but then it's too tight to remove)

No wonder you were smiling, Mister —
You knew.

— Linda Shasberger

*I cried on your shoulder
That once . . .
That evening, with that music
And in that light
All was clear to me, finally,
In that lightlessness.
Funny, but the blue rose
Faded and gathered dust —
It became clear, finally.*

— Pamala Ezell



Silkscreen
by Fred Fischer

*I noticed you,
Walking down the street
I stared at you,
You seemed much different than others to me.
I thought of you,
You seemed to have failed in making your life
The way you wanted it to be
I have hurt you,
Ignored you
And now you seek revenge.
I looked for you
And found you everywhere.
I have studied you,
And found you are the same as me.
You are my brother,
But you are black.*

— Jennifer Keen
2-15-79

Lonely

*To be lonely,
What does it mean?
Aloneness, self-pity?
I don't understand.
I'm loved, and I love,
But I'm still lonely.
Why must I live by myself,
And sleep alone?
It's not fair.
It wasn't meant to be this way,
Or was it?
I don't understand,
Whatever it is,
I will find it,
But I will find it alone.*

— Colleen Sullivan

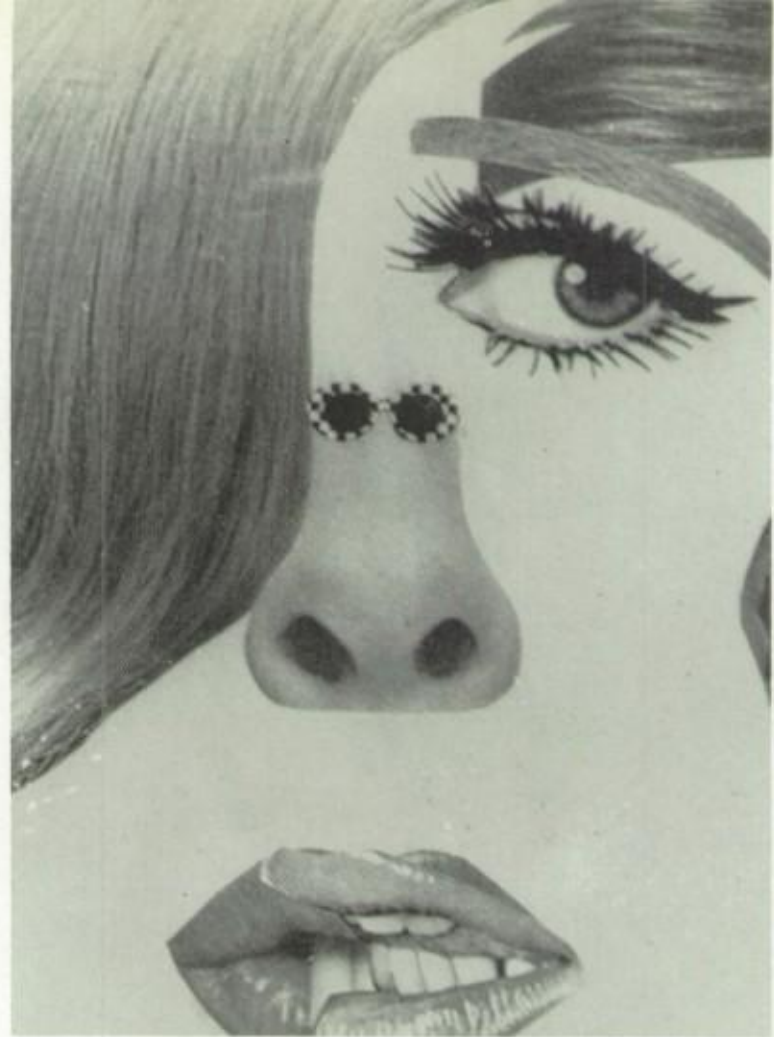


Photograph
by Pamala Ezell

A Summertime Love

That first time she saw him
 And he saw her
 Was when all the flowers were
 in bloom
 The birds were singing and it
 seemed you could see every
 blade of grass grow
 Their love for each other bloomed
 and grew as if it were a part
 of nature herself
 Hand in hand and heart and heart
 their love for each other
 Their kind of love is
 everlasting
 These two people were in an
 eternal love
 They will always care for each other
 When that summer ended for
 everyone else
 Their special summer went on
 forever

— Dixie Lynn McDaniel



Collage
 by Susan Smothers



Copper Enamel
 by Storey Norton

In the last of all clouds
 The stone with the star runs round
 Pulling sadness down
 The way the wind blows
 The way the rain
 Fall's the best time of the year.

Flashes of slate run
 From your eyes
 But once there I realize
 It's not the keeping
 But the getting
 Close to the edge.

One thin band
 Between the violet and gold
 Warns of stones, tales too-told
 For another ambition
 For lost chances at
 Cantering, the dream ran away.

Venetian slats against the sun
 Allow the glimmers and peals
 Of not-ones, shrill's
 The message for all listening
 Without the strain of
 Hearing the symphony, I slept.

— Pamala Ezell

RIGHT THIS WAY, FOLKS -
FOR THE WALDEN ADS...
THEY WALK!
THEY TALK!



ADS '79

Congratulations
to
the
graduating
class
of

'79

Joe Owen

CONGRATULATIONS!

AND

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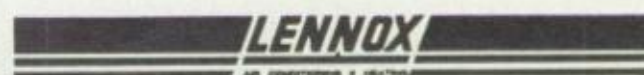
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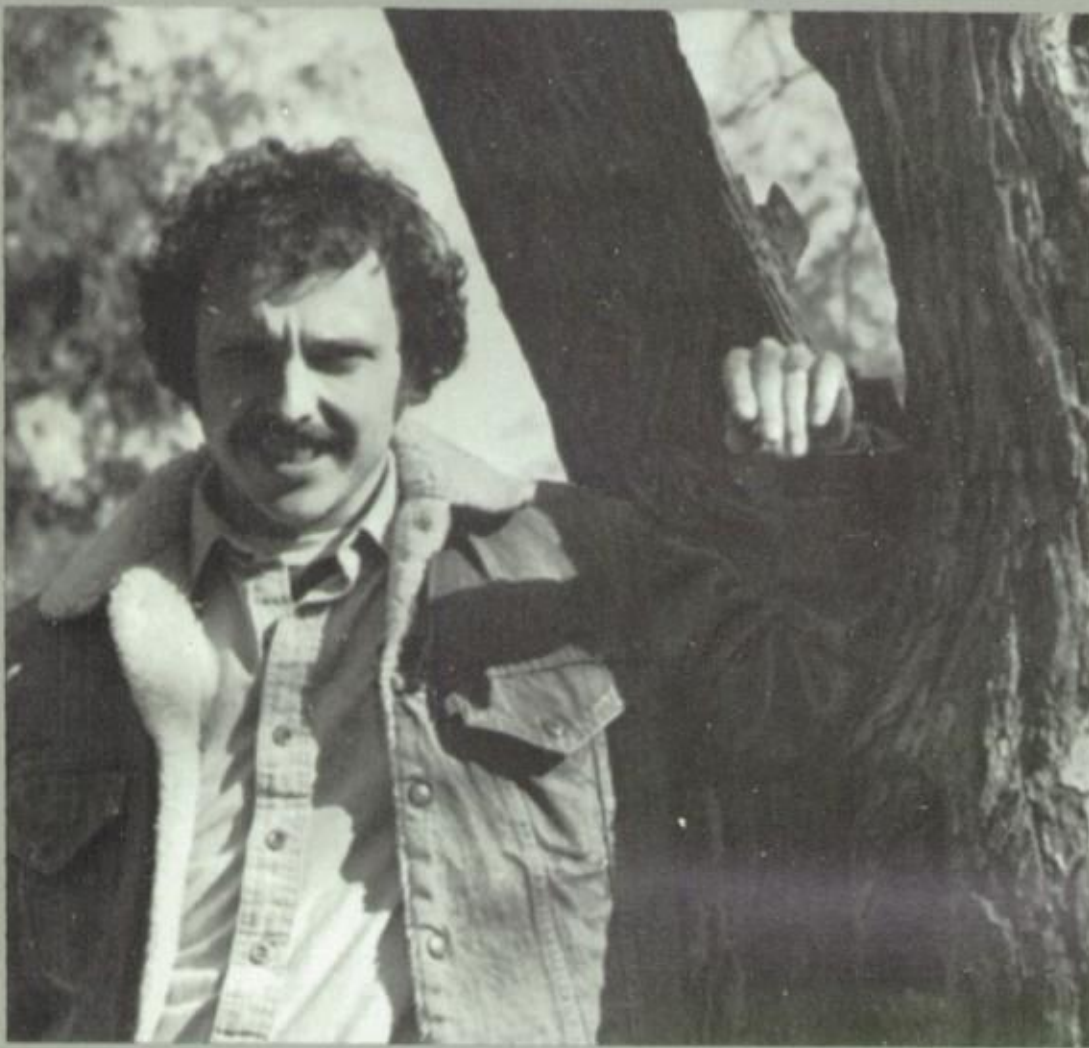


Congratulations to all our Seniors
From a grateful Faculty

Susan Bowyer
Larry D. Stone
Karen Hundahl
Michael Flanagan
Pamela Ezell
Doranie Iron

Paula Platt
Jenna Shoberger
Stephen Hoyt
Sandy McLean Gordon
Candace Matlock
Walter B. Mebarum
Sherry Taylor

Dedication



Wally Linebarger

After having taught at Walden for four years, we have come to both respect Wally for his integrity and appreciate him for his genuine humor and compassion. No one makes us laugh more or work harder to achieve the goals we choose. We thank you, Wally, for allowing us the opportunity to get to know you and to love you. And we thank you for loving us.

Linda Shasberger

There's often one teacher who stands out in the memories of those of us who have the opportunity to experience Walden. For many past graduates and for those of us on this year's annual staff, that teacher will certainly be you. We can never express adequately the appreciation we feel for you because you were truly yourself and always honest and caring. You have touched our lives and we are grateful. We love you.



With our most sincere appreciation and our deepest love, we dedicate this yearbook to you both, Linda and Wally.





